

A/N: Thanks for reading, be patient with me I'm also writing 3 other stories, and also I'm still in school, almost summer, but I still have a couple days, and we still are getting homework. I will try update as often as possible. I hope this story is different than any other, but I haven't read every single story on FF about Harry Potter. I have a lot a free time, but not that much free time. Ha Ha. And the ages are all weird, I'm sorry, but just drop the math, and read the story! Age is just a number, not like something to base a whole entire Fan Fiction on. THANKS!

Ivy/Maya (I go by either one, depends on my mood J)

Severus took advantage of the few days before Hogwarts letter's were sent out. He was going to see if he could get any extra 7th year potion books, he has found most 7th years don't bother to buy books for potions. He had gotten the position as Hogwarts Potions teacher about 3 years ago, he considered himself young for a Professor. He was 21 when he received the job. It was an odd occurrence when a witch or wizard 21 years of age got a job as a professor.

Now, coming onto his 24th birthday, there hadn't been much excitement. The Dark Lord was gone, for now. Just teaching children day to day, giving a detention every other night. Young wizards needed excitement, needed entertainment. He thought of Lily every day since she died, and every day before it too. God, how he missed her. Almost everything reminded him of her. Everything he did there was an ounce of her in it. She was such a big part of his life.

He loved her. If only some little part of her was left...

Severus shook his head, stepping back into reality. He opened the door to the book store.

"Professor." Said the girl behind the counter.

Snape recognized her as a 7th year from the year before. He nodded his head in her direction. She smiled, and returned to her book.

"Momsy, I want that book." A little red headed girl cried.

"No, sweetie. It costs too much." The mom said, sadness radiating off her. She picked up the little girl, and walked out of the store. The girl had bright green eyes.

Snape felt a tug at his heart, and picked up the book the little girl was holding.

"The Three Brothers" Snape muttered, he put a Sickle on the counter for the children's book and walked outside, forgetting about the Potions books.

He saw the little girl's red curls bouncing on top of a man's shoulders. The woman and man were talking quietly. The woman nodded and started crying. The man took the girl off his shoulders, placing her softly on the ground. They talked to the girl. She nodded like she understood. Then with a crack, the parents were gone.

The little girl laughed, and started wondering around the streets, her smile fading steadily.

She walked up to Snape. Tugging on his robes.

"Suse me siur, have you seen my momsy and daddy?" She asked, tears welling up in her eyes.

Snape shook his head. There was a piece of parchment in the girl's hand.

"May I see that?" He asked. She nodded handing him the parchment. He read through it, feeling more and more sorry for the girl.

If you are reading this, I could no longer take care of my daughter, if it is not too much of a burden, please take care of her yourself. She is a blessing, but I couldn't take care of her, I figured leave her in the hands of fate hoping someone will find her. Please know leaving her is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. Her name is Chandler, she is 2 ½, her birthday is the 16th of May, she calls herself Channy. She is a witch, please train her well, she deserves the most. Much thanks.

Snape sighed, looking down at the unfortunate little girl. She looked so like Lily, they had to have been related somehow.

"Chandler, would like to come and live with me?" He asked, he did not want to say those words, he had to take care of himself before a child, but they escaped his lips as soon as they entered his mind.

"What about momsy and daddy?" She asked, her bottom lip sticking out.

"Well...they went away for a while. I live in a castle, it's very big. And you will make plenty of friends."

"I'll be like a princess." She smiled, her smile scrunched up her nose and squinting her eyes.

"Yes."

So Snape took little Channy to the castle, she was a lively child. Bouncing all the time. Snape couldn't help but laugh at her. She was a blessing, a little Lily. A collision of feelings happened in his chest whenever he saw her, a happiness he had finally found someone who was like Lily, that was his, and a reminder of Lily, and that she was no longer here.

Snape read the Daily Prophet a few days later. He was growing accustomed to the early morning wake up calls, and constant noise. But he took in these few precious moments of silence before Chandler woke up to read the news. The headline of the paper read. 'Couple dies in Azkaban' Snape read it, a couple had attempted to steal from Gringotts.

In Azkaban they were so unaccustomed to the atmosphere, they killed themselves. Snape looked at the pictures, they were Chandlers parents.

"Morning Sevie." Chandler said, rubbing the sleep from her eye, dragging a ragged, old stuffed animal dragon behind her.

"Good morning. The kids are coming today, so your going to spend the day with Miss Pomfrey while I get things ready for my classes."

"When the kids come what will I do?"

"We will find things for you to do."

Chandler smiled, scrunching her nose as she did so.

"Now go get dressed."

"Wait, will I be able to go see Hagid today?"

"Possibly, if you behave."

She skipped off to put on miniature robes Minerva had gotten her.

Was he fit to be a father? Everyone seemed to be helping him, but he couldn't be that affectionate fatherly figure. He never was that person, then he heard Lily's voice in the back of his mind.

"Yes you were, Sev. Once."

A/N: again thanks for reading, review if you liked it. Some chapters are going to be in journal entry form, others in notes. Not all though. And it is going to skip some parts in time, it will say at the top of each chapter 'A month later' or 'Year and a half later' something like that, times may vary. Just giving y'all a heads up.

A/N: I feel that this story is already turning out to be a success! Thank you for the people you put Story Alert on it, and Reviewed, unless you are authors, I don't think you really know how good it feels to get good reviews, and know that people like your stories. Thanks, hope you enjoy chapter two.

Six Months Later

Chandler giggled with glee at the sight of the cake. Three layers of pure chocolate. Snape shook his head, knowing she'll be up all night with one bite of the cake. Chandler was sitting where Dumbledore usually would at the professors table. Minerva sat next to Chandler, watching her every move, making sure she got no chocolate on her new dress.

It was in between Lunch and Dinner and the students were not in the Great Hall. First and second years should be in their common rooms, if not doing something productive and most third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh years were in Hogsmeade.

Chandler was served first, she ignored her fork and dove face first into the cake. Snape snickered at Minerva's face.

"Close your mouth, Minerva. You'll catch flies." Snape laughed.

Madam Pomfrey leaned in close to Minerva. "Don't worry." She said "I can get that stain out easily."

"Mmmmm." Chandler said, her plate licked clean.

"Did you get any cake in your mouth?" Dumbledore asked, with a smile. Chandler nodded rapidly, her curls bouncing up and down. Madam Pomfrey waved her wand on the front of Chandler's pink dress, and the chocolate was gone. Minerva smiled gratefully at her.

"I have something for you, I think you will enjoy immensely." Dumbledore said, pulling a box from his pocket. Chandler opened it quickly, there were three chocolate frogs, a licorice wand, and a box of every flavored beans. Chandler smiled, eyeing the licorice wand. Snape quickly took the package away from her. Her lip jetted out, but when Minerva handed her a box, beautifully wrapped she sucked her lip back in.

She tugged gently on the red velvet ribbon, and opened the box with curiosity. A white, sparkling toy unicorn sat motionless in the box. Chandler gasped. "Oh my. It's lovely." She said while stroking the mane. She gently braided the tail and smiled as it unraveled itself.

"I'll keep it forever." Chandler whispered. She gently put the top of the box back on, and held the box to her chest. Minerva braided her hair as Severus handed a wrapped, thin box to Channy. She unwrapped this one excitedly. The book of the Three Brothers sat on her lap. She laughed happily.

"I've always wanted this book. How did you know?" She asked. Snape shrugged.

"Will you read it to me?" She asked, Snape nodded.

"There were once three brothers, traveling together, they came to a river, no way around it, and was much too deep to wade in, but these brothers were gifted with magical powers. . ."

Chandler was several yards ahead of Severus going down the path to Hagrid's house. He highly disliked Hagrid, but decided to make a sacrifice for Lily, whom he liked very much. Chandler looked like an ant next to Hagrid, and quite delicate. Severus loved Chandler more than he thought, though he still wasn't convinced he was the fatherly figure, but Chandler didn't seem to care.

She knocked on Hagrid's door, excitement in her face. Snape had only let her go because she had said, it was her birthday, and she hadn't seen him in a while.

"Happy Birthday, Channy." Hagrid said. Picking up little Channy and placing her on his shoulders. Snape walked at his normal pace, not bothering to hurry. Well, at least he wasn't until Chandler waved at him to go faster.

He stepped inside Hagrid's house, trying to keep a look of utter disgust off his face. It smelt like the outdoors, and it was all just one room sort of mashed together to form a makeshift house.

"I got a present for yer birthday." Hagrid smiled.

Chandler giggled "Really?" She asked, looking around for a wrapped box, or a card possibly.

Hagrid picked up a little brown puppy, who looked as though his body wasn't big enough for his skin, you couldn't even see his eyes, because of his wrinkles.

Chandler gasped "Is he mine?" Chandler asked.

"Well, I know a puppy inside the castle would just cause havoc, so I thought maybe I could keep him here, and you could come and visit him every day, I'll even let you name him."

Chandler dropped to her knees, it was a farther drop than it was six months ago, she had grown almost six inches since then, and had went through several different robes to get to the ones she was wearing now. She disliked wearing robes though, she enjoyed wearing her dresses more.

Chandler started to put the nameless puppy, she stared off into space.

"Is he going to be big? When he is a grown up?" Chandler finally asked.

Hagrid nodded with a smile, not taking his eyes off the two of them.

"But he'll be gentle. He won't hurt anyone. But people will be scared of him. Like he's bad, because he's big. He needs a scary name, because if I name him anything else, it won't be right!" She looked at the puppy again, whose front paws were now on her lap. She pulled back his wrinkles to look him in the eyes.

"Fang. His name will be Fang." She smiled down at Fang, who licked her happily. Chandler laughed.

"Well, I have a detention to give tonight, so Hagrid if you could bring her back in an hour or so." Snape said. Chandler got up off her knees, laughing as Fang came lumbering across the floor, unstable on his feet. Chandler wrapped her arms around Snapes mid-thigh.

"Bye." She said, waving to him as he went out the front door.

Channy got down on her knees and crawled on the floor, Fang following her through her little maze around the kitchen, under the table, inbetween the chair legs. When Hagrid picked her up about an hour later, Chandler could hardly breathe, because she had been laughing so hard.

Hagrid walked with her up the path to the castle. The students were traveling noisily to dinner. A girl with hair that was jet black, and went down to her waist. She had pasty white skin, and beautiful shining teeth that were being shown off in a dazzling smile.

"Hagrid, how have you been, I haven't seen you in a while." The girl. "And hello to you Chandler. Professor Snape hasn't been too awfully hard on you, has he?"

Chandler started to laugh again, and shook her head. "I've been well, thank you fer asking, Lacey. How've you been?"

"Just starting my N.E.. The pressure is worse than anything. I better get to supper. Bye Hagrid, bye Channy." She turned away and started walking toward the great hall.

"We'd better get you Professor Snape before you miss supper." Hagrid said. Chandler skipped next to him down to Snape's office.

"I had a great birthday." She sang repeatedly.

Okay guys, it's up. Thanks for everything! Another chapter up soon. I promise!

A/N: Okay, so I read over the last chapter that I just posted and there were some errors that the computer failed to pick up, and I was too lazy to look for. Let's get one thing straight for all of you authors out there, when it comes to reviewing your work, I am not a good role model. I'm sorry for those mistakes, and I will try to be more careful in later chapters. Thanks for being patient, and overlooking those flaws. And thanks to all of you who so kindly reviewed my story, it makes me really happy. Hope you enjoy this next chapter

Ivy

Two and a half years later.

The five and a half year old Channy had grown up quite nicely. Her magical abilities showing more and more. She had learned to make friends with the students because there was no one else her age. Some of the older students thought it sad she had no one her age, and spent most of her time playing with a stuffed dragon and a toy unicorn. And whenever she got the chance, a dog. So they took little Channy off of Snape's hands for a night and would take her up to their common room.

But Chandler still loved Snape with all her heart, he was, after all, the reason she was living so happily. Who knows how she would've turned out if he had just left her there in Diagon Alley . She still wondered about her real parents though.

One night, Snape stayed late in his office, grading papers, and Chandler stayed with him, she wrapped herself up in a blanket and sat in a chair next to him.

"Where are my parents? My real ones." Channy asked. Snape stopped what he was doing briefly but resumed after a moment's pause. Channy could tell he didn't like this question, but she didn't say any apology, she felt she had the right to know.

"I really don't know. It depends on the way you look at things." Snape finally answered.

"Well from your way of looking at things, where are they?"

"Somewhere. . . Different. I can't be completely positive."

Chandler nodded, as though she understood, but confusion was still carved in her face.

"What's the difference between my family here, like you and Mr. Dumbledore, and Miss Pomfrey and Miss McGonagall, and Hagrid, and my parents that I used to have?"

"Well, we are the people who are raising you, and the ones providing for you, and loving you. Your parents, though I'm sure they love you, aren't really helping you grow up. They are just the ones that made you."

Again Chandler nodded, obviously not understanding.

"I have one more question."

"Don't you always?"

"How did my parents make me?"

At this Snape threw down his quill, and pinched the bridge of his nose, and closed his eyes. "I think it is your bed time now, it's rather late."

Channy slept that night, it was a dreamless sleep, and it was pleasant. After she dressed in the morning she walked to Hagrid's for breakfast. She sat at the table with Fang at her feet. She swung her legs back and forth, the soles of her shoes brushing against Fang's back.

"Hagrid, I have a question, Sevie didn't answer it last night, I was wondering if you could answer it for me."

"Well, O' course."

"How did my parents make me?"

Hagrid turned red, and stared at her in shock. "Well you see, when two people love each other very, very much they decide to get married and when they are ready they choose to have a baby, and the baby is delivered by a flyin' bird, and they are very happy."

"So my parents decided to have me, they didn't have me by accident?"

"You ask a lot of good questions. You know you might be more successful getting answers from Dumbledore."

Chandler nodded, and determined to find answers she left Hagrid's and went straight to Dumbledore's office.

"I do not know whether it was a mistake made by them or not, if it is their mistake has had a very enjoyable outcome for the people at Hogwarts." Chandler smiled, but not yet satisfied.

"Will I ever see them again?"

"I cannot tell the future. And I cannot assume what I have no business in."

Chandler nodded, and got up to go to Snape's office. She skipped there, Dumbledore's answer was not what she wanted to hear, but she wanted to make everyone happy because it seemed everyone disliked the subject whether they voiced it or not.

One year later

Channy wondered idly, not back to the castle from Hagrid's, but toward the forest's edge. She had been told not to go in or anywhere near it, but curiosity bubbled like boiling water in her brain. What was in there that was so scary, and deadly that she couldn't go for a walk in new scenery.

In growing older she grew more brave, and curious about things, she liked doing things on her own, she was a unique girl. Everyone loved her, she had charm that was already noticeable, which scared Snape half to death.

Chandler took a step in the forest, looked around her, then took another step. She did this repeatedly for about fifteen steps, then realized she had no idea what she was doing, she had no one to guide her, and no one to save her if she got into any trouble. After all she didn't even have her wand yet, and even if she did she didn't know any spells.

Channy turned on her heels and walked quickly out of the forest, all her bravery shriveled into nothing. She looked around herself in a panic, she bumped into a firm chest and had to take a few steps back. It was worse than she imagined. There in front of her stood Snape. Disappointed plastered on his face.

"I'm so sorry." Chandler said.

"Come with me." Snape said, turning away from her quickly, his relief washed through him. He wasn't mad, he was just scared. Constantly living in fear his daredevil of a daughter would someday not come back into the castle because of one her stunts. Her smarts prevented that this time, but what about the next?

I stayed up late trying to finish this, I will regret it in the morning but right now I feel like I accomplished something J.

A/N: Okay, so I was thinking about quitting the story because my best friend and I just had an epic fight, but everything is okay again, so I'm happy again! And I have some good music playing J. So thank you all again for the reviews. And I have no idea where the teachers sleep, so they are just going to have dormitories of their own, except they get their own room, so, so does Channy. Just a heads up, that's what I mean by room.

Ivy

"Do you know how dangerous that forest is?" Snape asked furiously, of course fake fury for his relief was far greater than his fury. Chandler's eyes were filled with tears.

"You are far too young to even think about going in there! You could've been killed! Gone just like Lily!"

"Who is Lily?" Chandler asked as Snape closed his eyes in frustration.

"No one."

"It has to be some-"

"ENOUGH!" Snape interrupted her. Channy broke out into a eruption of tears.

Snape had seen her cry when she fell, when she got a scratch, when she got soap in her eyes, but never seen her cry by his doing.

He got down on his knees in front of her, placing his hands on either shoulder.

"Listen to me. Please look at me."

He cupped his hand and put it on the bottom of her chin, lifting it so her green eyes would stare into his.

"I can't bear to loose you, you are everything to me. And as to Lily, I will tell you about her when you are older."

Chandler nodded. "But your actions do call for a consequences. Go sit in your room, and stay there until I tell you to come out."

Chandler's shoulders sunk, but she walked to her room, and slammed the door behind her.

Snape dropped his head, and laughed, both frustrated and amused by Channy.

Channy plopped on her bed, very frustrated with Snape. She didn't cry, she didn't want to cry. She wondered who Lily was, and why Snape refused to tell her about her. Chandler crossed her skinny arms over her chest. Was Lily his wife? Sister possibly? How did this mysterious girl die? Was she a wizard, or a Muggle, or some other creature?

She flopped onto her stomach, and took out 'The Three Brothers' and traced her fingers on the letters of the title. She sighed, bored completely out of her mind, she started to open and close her mouth, clamping her teeth together loudly as she did so. Suddenly one tooth felt oddly out of place. She ran her tongue over her bottom teeth and realized one was farther forward than the other. She went over to her mirror and pushed on the back with her tongue. It pushed forward again, but even farther and blood starting pulsing out.

Without thinking, she screamed. Snape came running in.

"What's wrong."

"My mouth is bleeding." Channy cried.

"Open up, let me see."

Chandler opened her mouth wide, and tears fell in, she made a face, but didn't close her mouth.

Snape messed around with her tooth for a minute or two, then smiled and held a white thin in his hand. Chandler closed her mouth.

"What is that?" She asked.

"It's your tooth. You lost a tooth."

She gasped. "Give it back, I want it back!"

Snape laughed. "Your going to get a better one soon. A big person tooth."

"Really?" she asked.

"Really, you will be part big person."

"Does that mean I can not be in trouble?"

"No, you are still in trouble."

Chandler stuck out her bottom lip, and turned her back to Snape. She crossed her arms and stuck up her nose. "Then leave." She said.

"Beg your pardon."

"Leave. I don't want someone who is not nice to me in my room. So go away."

"Don't talk to me like that, missy."

"It's my room, I will talk to you any way I like."

"No, you will not."

"Yes, I will. I thought I told you to leave."

"Your younger than me, I raised you. Therefore, I have authority over you. So I will leave now, and let you take your punishment alone."

Chandler didn't reply, but when Snape was about to close the door he heard her utter the three words no parent or guardian ever wants to hear: "I hate you."

"She told me she hated me." Snape said, very sullenly to Minerva a couple minutes later.

"Oh, don't let it get to your head. She is six and a half. She doesn't even know the meaning of hate."

"Then how can she say that right after I punish her, if she doesn't know the meaning?"

"She knows what it is, she doesn't understand the concept is so big and strong. She thinks it just means dislike."

"Well than she dislikes me, it doesn't make me feel any better."

"She is six years old, Severus. You are a twenty seven year old man brought to your knees when a six year old tells you they hate you."

"That certain six year old is as close to a daughter that I have. It should get me upset."

"Not this upset, Severus, this is pathetic. She doesn't mean it. She just said because she is mad at the time, she isn't going to be mad at you forever. Now fix yourself up, and look like a man, or at the very least a professor."

At dinner Chandler came out of her room, she sat next to Snape at the professors table, like always, but she wasn't her usual chatty self, well at least not to Snape.

She acted like she didn't know he was there. She talked very kindly to Professor Sprout, asking her how her classes were, and being very formal, talking like an adult.

"Did you loose your first tooth?" Professor Sprout asked randomly. Chandler laughed, and nodded.

"Snape did you know this?" She asked with a smile. Chandler went stiff and didn't face him. Snape nodded very stiffly, and went back to eating. He looked over at Minerva, she shrugged at him and went back to her conversation with Professor Flitwick.

Later back in the dormitories Snape took Channy aside, very unwilling Channy followed.

"Why won't you talk to me?" He asked.

"You were mean to me, I don't like people being mean to me."

"I wasn't trying to be mean, sometimes you need to be taught a lesson, that punishment was a lesson learned. I need you to understand that."

Channy nodded, obviously Snape wasn't quite forgiven yet. It was something he would have to work on until she forgot about this incident. He kissed her on the cheek. "Time for bed." He said.

"Can I read to you first?" Channy asked with a smile.

"You could never read before."

"I learned in my room." She took his hand and led him to the room. She lay on her bed, and Snape lay next to her. She took out 'The Three Brothers' from under her pillow.

"There were ounce-"

"Once."

"Once tree-"

"Three"

"Three brothers who were traveling together-"

"Together."

"Together and they came to a river, tat-"

"That."

"That was too dep-"

"Deep."

"Deep to swim and no way around it. But tey-"

"They."

"They were gifted wit-"

"With."

"With magiacle-"

"Magical."

"Magical arts..."

A/N: Thanks for reading. School is almost out, so I will have all those rainy days (There are a lot) to write. Yay!

so sorry I haven't updated in a while, I've been busy, not to mention GROUNDED! I'm also sorry I'm skipping so much of Channy's life, but I just want to get to the good part faster, you know. So I'm just going through the main parts of her life.

Maya

Four Years Later

Channy sat in a circle with three 5th year boys, and one 6th year girl. She didn't even know their names, but apparently they knew hers and asked her to join their dare game. Being the fearless young lady she was, she didn't back down, but she couldn't deny that her heart sped up when it was her turn to be dared.

"I dare you to eat this worm." A boy said, Channy thought his name was Patrick, but it might've been the kid sitting next to him.

Chandler gulped, but showed no fear in her face. She was not scared, after all. Perhaps just taken back. Never scared was she, always the brave little girl.

"As brave as she is, she is still a young lady, and finds worms and such utterly disgusting." Said the 6th year girl.

"I didn't hear her say that. But if she isn't brave enough we won't make her." Patrick smirked.

"No, I didn't say that. I'll . . . Eat it."

Patrick flung the worm at her, she caught it, not sparing a second glance at it, she stuck it in her mouth. She didn't chew it, she just swallowed it. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to block out the taste. She smiled sweetly. But she wasn't sure the worm was dead yet, and could practically feel it squirming in the back of her throat.

She looked back at the castle, and saw Snape at the front of the castle motioning to her to come back. She stood without a word, and walked toward the castle. She smiled at Snape, he patted her shoulder, she trotted inside next to him. The squirming stopped, but that God awful taste still remained.

"What did you just eat?" Snape asked.

"What makes you think I ate something?" Chandler asked, innocence radiating from her voice. But after all these years Snape learned to see right through her act. He gave her the look that scared her into telling him, but she wasn't shaken that easily.

"I didn't eat anything...that would kill me."

"I swear, your ridiculous bravery will kill you someday."

"I said it wouldn't kill me. Please, don't you listen to at all." She was only half joking.

She stared up at him, she knew he was only really this wonderful to her, everyone else he didn't give a damn about, but from the tender look in his eye she knew he loved her.

I'm sorry it was so short, but I need some more big steps in a child's life. I know some, but she seems a little young for them, so any idea's. She is like 10 ½ so... any suggestions? Anyone?

Maya

A/N: Ok, I'm really sorry for the long gap. I've been preoccupied with the nice weather, but now I have got a job babysitting my sister, so I have more time now. I have some idea's and so I shouldn't keep you and get started.

5 months later

Channy sat in her room, it was wonderful growing up, but now it was small and somewhat pitiful. She couldn't decorate it much, she couldn't paint the walls the color she wanted. Which was black then splatter a bunch of neon colors on the walls. She had one poster of the Weird Sisters. She was quite frustrated, they let the students decorate their rooms, why couldn't she. She had been living at Hogwarts for almost nine years.

There was a single knock on the door.

"Yes?" Chandler asked, masking her meaningless frustration with the politeness Snape had taught her, but of course only Snape could see through it.

Snape came in with one hand behind his back. He sat down on her bed beside her.

"Just think, in no more than a month and a half you'll be in your dormitory, and be able to decorate it any way you want."

Chandler smiled, she loved how Snape could take one look at her, and instantly know what she was thinking about, of course that would come in handy for him when she was older and had secrets she didn't want him to know, but he did.

"I'm not sure I want to go to school here, just yet."

"And why is that?"

"I will only be able to see you during my potions class."

"You could always come and visit me over the weekends."

"It won't be the same."

"Of course it won't be, but in the end it will be better, because you will be learning. I have something for you." Snape took his hand out from behind his back and handed Chandler an envelope that said

Miss Chandler E. Georges

Dormitory number 6

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Chandler smiled, opening the letter slowly, and pulled out two pieces of parchment. She smiled up at Snape. He smiled proudly down back at her.

Chandler skipped through the streets of Diagon Alley, Snape walked beside her, remembering her face with painful clarity when her parents left her.

"I will get your books if you go into Ollivander's and get a nice wand." Snape said, handing Chandler five Galleons. She stared down in amazement at the money.

She absent mindedly walked into the shop, and looked up at the frail Mr. Ollivander. She cleared her throat.

"I'd like to purchase a wand, sir. Please."

"Well of course, let's see here." He walked back to the shelves and sorted through them, muttering to himself.

"Here, try this. Eleven inches, dragon heartstring, oak. Just give it a light wave."

Chandler took the wand and waved it slightly, she fell back on her bum, and the wand flew out of her hand. She laughed quietly, and handed the wand back.

"Try this. Nine inches, phoenix feather, cherry."

Again, Chandler waved the wand, and it took itself out of her hand and back into the box.

Ollivander shook his head, and walked back to the shelves. "Third times a charm. Small, seven inches, unicorn hair, mahogany."

Once more, Channy waved her wand, and confetti popped out the end of it, and all the pictures on the wall danced. Chandler looked around in amazement. Channy lifted two feet off the ground and was put in a rotating motion around the room with the pictures and mirrors.

"I think we have found the right wand for you."

Chandler ignored him, and smiled away. "Magic is so cool." She said, and put a galleon on the counter and walked out, content with her purchase. Now, anticipating when school started.

Beginning of First Year at Hogwarts

Chandler stood in the line, along with the other first years, she glanced up at Snape, at the professor's table, he winked at her, she was reassured , and smiled hugely.

Snape wanted, with every ounce of his being, for Channy to be in Slytherin. How could it not be so, after all, she was raised by the head of Slytherin.

"Georges, Chandler." Minerva called, Channy walked up the steps, Minerva patted her on the shoulder once, and smiled proudly, with tears in her eyes, but she masked well so no one else would notice.

Channy sneaked one last glance at Snape, he nodded at her, as she sat down. She looked nervously at the students, she knew most of them, except for the first years, who she didn't get to meet on the train.

The hat was placed on her head, Chandler was conflicted, she wasn't sure where she wanted to be placed. She loved Snape, but she also loved everyone else, and it didn't really matter to her where she got placed anyway, she was learning the same thing, she could be friends with anyone in the school no matter the house, all it came down to was which common room she wanted to be in, and she hadn't been in a common room for a long while.

Snape, on the other hand though very differently. He wanted her to be happy, but he wanted to stay as close to her as possible, and he thought being in Slytherin was the only way to do that.

The hat was silent for a while, then without warning it shouted out the name of her house. She smiled and looked around, everyone was smiling and clapping, and Chandler was happy with where she was. Minerva, who she should start referring to as Professor McGonagall, had started crying happy tears and when she looked back Dumbledore smiled brightly. The sorting hat was taken off her head, and the next name was called.

She went to sit at her table, and looked at Snape, who smiled brightly at her. There was something off about his smile though, it wasn't right. It was confusing everyone else, but not her. Chandler could see right through his smile. She gave him a quizzical look, and he shot one right back, she giggled to herself, knowing he wasn't okay with the fact she had been sorted Gryffindor. But it was something they both had to live with, and they would remain as close as they ever were, if not closer.

A/N: Sorry again it took so long. I will try to post another chapter ASAP. Remember what I said at the beginning, to be patient with me? Just hold onto that.

Ivy

A/N: Again thank you for reading. I'm having an awesome time writing this story. And if you haven't already checked out my other Harry Potter story it's called 'We Both Love Her' I love writing both of these stories, and I love getting reviews. *wink-wink*. Reviews inspire me, not to mention make me super happy. And a special thank you to Lily-Julie who gave me some wonderful ideas for the story. I'm grateful, and I will try to use them soon. Okay, let's get to the story.

Chandler talked calmly with her friend Hermione Granger. Hermione and Channy were instant friends, but Channy didn't want to talk to Hermione about what she thought of classes and studying, though those two subjects could preoccupy those two girls for quite some while. Chandler wanted to talk to Snape.

Harry and Ron talking about God knows what. Quidditch most likely. The four of them, Hermione, Ron, Harry, and Channy were good friends, you could say. As good as friends can get within five days. It was Saturday morning and Channy and Hermione had agreed to go to the library after breakfast to finish their homework so they didn't have to worry about it the rest of the weekend.

"Miss Georges, may I have a word." said a drawling seemingly evil voice from behind her. Ron looked as if he might cry, Hermione went rigid, and color seemed to drain from Harry's face. Channy just laughed at them, and stood up.

"Yes, Professor." Chandler smirked.

"Don't look at me like that, missy."

"I will look at you however I like, and there is nothing you can do about it."

Snape put his hand on Channy's mid back. It comforted Chandler greatly. They walked without speaking into Snapes office. He closed the door, and looked down at Channy affectionately.

"How may I help you, Professor?" Channy said, batting her eyelashes. In the last five days Channy had become increasingly flirtatious. Snape didn't mind, as long as boys kept their hands (and other parts of their bodies) to themselves.

"I would like to know how your first week at Hogwarts is going?"

"Really great. Watch."

Chandler took out her wand and waved it at a quill on Snapes desk.

"Wengardium Leviosa." The quill rose up in the air and it hit the ceiling, and Channy made it circle around the room before making it land neatly on his desk.

Chandler smiled brightly as she put her wand back away.

Snape couldn't contain his happiness, he dropped to his knees and grasped her in a hug.

"You do understand how proud I am of you."

"I thought you weren't proud of me because I'm in Gryffindor."

"No, you are a great wizard no matter the house, and you will be fantastic at whatever you choose to do in life."

"Wow, I thought that you thought that Gryffindor students aren't useful to society."

"I did think that, but not any more."

Later, back in the common room Hermione and Channy were working on homework when Hermione asked "What was it Professor Snape wanted to speak to you about?"

"Nothing really, he just wanted to ask how my first week was, and I showed him how I could levitate things, and he told me he was proud of me even if I am in Gryffindor, then he asked if I would come over tomorrow. We always would have tea, well I would have tea and he would have coffee. Since I was little, but when I was little I had milk, but it is a tradition."

"Since you were little?"

"Yeah, I was raised here. My parents abandoned me in Diagon Alley, leaving me a note explaining why, I haven't opened it yet. Then they

gave me another note to give to someone who would take care of me, Snape has that one."

"You were raised at Hogwarts?"

"Yeah, but besides where to go, I'm just as confused as everyone else when it comes to spells and potions. I talked with the teachers so many times, but never did the subject of school pass through our conversations."

"Oh." Hermione looked somewhat disappointed, hoping maybe they could get something academically useful that no one else got.

Then Channy entered a conversation with a Muggle born from America.

"I went to Disneyworld over the summer. It was so much fun! Their parades were one of a kind, something you could never see anywhere else!"

Then Channy was struck with an idea.

"I know what we should do over the summer!" Channy said over tea the next morning. She had just come from breakfast.

"One week into the school year and your already talking about summer plans." Snape said with a chuckle, not taking his eyes off the Daily Prophet.

"Yes, Stevie Carmichael was talking about Disneyworld in Florida, in America. She said it was amazing. We have to go."

"I've never heard of this place."

"Look it up. Please, please, please, please, please."

"Possibly."

Channy threw back her head and groaned loudly.

"Finish your tea."

Chandler sipped the tea she had lost interest in.

"You said when I was older you would tell about a woman named Lily, I'm older, and this silence is making my ears ring. Why don't you tell me about her?"

Snape paused, and went stiff.

"I did say that, didn't I?"

Channy nodded.

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything. What did she look like? How did you meet her? Who was she exactly? Was she your friend? Your wife? Your girlfriend? Your sister? Was she a witch? Or a Muggle? Or some other magical creature? Every detail."

"Well I can't tell you every detail over tea, over time perhaps."

"Well start off the story, at least for right now."

So Snape did telling Channy about when he first met Lily and how good of friends they became.

"You loved her." Channy said.

"And what makes you think that?"

"You have a sparkle in your eye, when you talk about her. You loved her. I can tell."

"I guess there is no use in lying to you."

"No there isn't because if you did I would know."

Then Channy looked at him threw her lashes, and his heart sped up, she smiled flirtatiously.

What the hell? Snape thought.

Channy turned red when he caught him staring. "I really must be going. Hermione and I were going to finish our homework. We got distracted yesterday." she said.

Snape was going to say something along the lines of 'You both got distracted?' but he was taken back. He just nodded.

"See you in Potions tomorrow." Channy said, and closed the dungeon door, she didn't go back to the Gryffindor common room though, she sat on the dungeon steps and tried to make sense of what just happened.

A/N: Please review it would be gratefully appreciated. Sorry for some misspellings on Spells and such. My computer doesn't recognize those words so it doesn't correct them for me. Oh, and I have never been to Disneyworld, I've been to Disneyland, but that was when I was little, and I was only there for a day. So forgive me but I hardly know anything about either of these theme parks. We are going this summer for my little sister though. So hopefully I will drag this year on long enough to see Disneyland. Who am I kidding? I couldn't do that if my life depended on it. Oh well....

Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

A/N: I'm super duper excited to start writing with the plot put in motion. Tell your friends about this story, tell people who you know like Harry Potter. Please, I really want more people to read it. And a special thanks to my readers who have been waiting for the next chapter since number 1. I love you guys.

Halloween

"This must happen a lot." Harry said, when they were walking back to their common room because of the troll.

"No, not really. It has never happened since I've been here. I've been here for nine years. Where's Hermione?"

"In the girls bathroom!"

They ran down the corridors to the bathroom.

"I'll go get her." Channy said, walking towards the bathroom. She walked in right before the troll.

"Oh no. We have to help them." Harry said, taking Ron by the cuff of his robes.

"No, Channy is pretty brave. I think she will be fine."

"C'mon Ron!" Said Harry pulling Ron toward the bathroom. Ron groaned, but it didn't stop Harry. He came in to Hermione hiding under the sink and her face tear streaked. He saw Channy lifeless on the ground.

"What happened?"

"Not now! Someone needs to get help, if you don't she might die!" Hermione yelled, Ron instantly left the bathroom. The troll was swinging his club around. Almost hitting Hermione. Harry wanted to get Channy out of the way, but he couldn't do that if he was dead. Harry got picked up by the ankles and was about to get hit when Ron burst in the door.

"Wengardium Leviosa!" He shouted, the trolls club raised high above him, and dropped and hit him on the head. He fell hard to the ground, and Harry scuttled over to look at Channy. Her wrist was

very obviously broken, and her nose was bleeding as was her head. Blood was pulsing out of cut on her hairline. She looked so weak, just then teachers filed in. Professor Snape ran over and dropped to his knees next to Channy while Professor McGonagall spoke to the others.

"Channy, wake up. Please, wake up." Snape begged, but Channy didn't wake up. She stayed asleep, in the hospital wing. Even after Madam Pomfrey saw to her. She was breathing very shallow, even more so after the past two days.

"Channy, everyone is missing you. They are leaving gifts for you, mostly candy. You would love to eat that wouldn't you? You can't eat it unless you wake up, though, so get up so you can eat this candy." Snape said a week after the accident. "I remember what we all used to call you. Candy Channy. That didn't last very long though. You didn't like that nickname much." Was it him or did a smile play on her lips.

It was probably just him, he wished it was so. He wanted to hear her voice again. She already missed tea that Sunday. It was odd, sipping his coffee without her constant buzz of chatter. He looked over at Madam Pomfrey, he had been asking the same question at least 5 times every day.

"I don't know if she'll make. I hope for her life as much as you, but I can't make any promises." She said.

He grabbed onto Channys hand, it was cold. Very little heat left in it, he almost cried. Tears welled up in his eyes, when he saw more color draining from her lips.

He leaned down and kissed her on the cheek, whispering to her.

"You're too young to die on me. If you're not here who will I have my coffee with?" He had to choke out his last words before he started to sob. He did it very quietly, and he hid his face in her neck, so to anyone else it looked as if he was hugging her.

Then he felt an arm reach around his neck. He then looked down at Channy whose eyes were fluttering open, she looked groggy and in pain. Bruises covered her whole body, Snape would have thought her crazy if she wasn't in pain.

"You were right." She uttered.

"About what?"

"My bravery is going to kill me someday." She chuckled lightly. His tears shone clearly on his.

"Oh, don't cry." She said, pulling him close. She hid her face in his neck. Her heart beat was comforting to Snape, he closed his eyes.

"I would never die on you." She breathed, almost silent. A pleasant shiver went through Snape. "I'll always be here."

Snape smiled, wishing it was true.

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO

Not long after, Channy was in the library with Harry, Ron and Hermione.

"Nicholas Flamel. They maker of the Sorcerers Stone."

"That's what Snape's after. That's how he got the cut, the three headed dog. He was trying to get the Sorcerers Stone." Harry said.

"Agreed." Said Ron and Hermione simultaneously. They all looked at Channy. She just shrugged, she didn't believe them, but she didn't risk telling them that.

"The evidence is to great to deny."

"There is no evidence, it's just assumptions. All of it!"

"Are with us or against us?" Ron asked.

"Neither."

"Fine then leave."

"Fine, then I will." I said, storming out of the library. She marched into her dormitory and sat on her bed, she looked over at Hermione's desk which was overflowing with books.

She knew Snape, he wouldn't do something like that. She just knew he wouldn't. He couldn't, right?

Hermione walked in.

"We aren't mad, you know."

"I just stated my opinion. I know Snape better than all of you combined."

"I understand."

"So you believe he isn't doing it?"

"I don't know what to believe."

I looked away angrily. I didn't want to hear it. I knew Hogwarts better than them. If they want to accuse someone accuse Professor Quirrell. He was odd, and new, and just didn't seem right.

Channy closed her eyes, she had been so much more tired since the accident. She would sleep and see if she felt better when she woke up, then when she was feeling good she would think things through more.

A/N: Hope you enjoyed that chapter. Please review, even if you already have, I want your feedback!

A/N: Hope y'all enjoyed that previous. I never really thought I would keep it going this long, and compared to most stories it isn't long at all, but I'm proud of myself none the less. Hope you like it!

Summer is here for the Hogwarts kids, but it will only take maybe three chapters to get through, but if you want it to be more then tell me your thoughts.

Chandler stood next to Hagrid, waving goodbye to Harry, Ron and Hermione who all apologized for not believing her when they found Quirrell was behind it all along. They were easily forgiven, Channy didn't give it a second thought when they asked for forgiveness.

"Write to me!" Channy yelled, Hermione nodded rapidly. Channy smiled, Harry walked up to Hagrid, Chandler took a step back, while they hugged.

"My turn." She said and she grasped Harry in a hug.

"I'm sorry for doubting you." He said, again.

"It's fine, Harry. I forgive you, don't beat yourself up. I'll write to you."

He nodded and walked off. Channy leaned into Hagrid as they watched the Hogwarts Express speed off. The castle seemed irregularly empty. Channy had always hated the feeling after the students left.

So she sat down in her old room again. She had another poster hung up in there, she had got it from Ron for her birthday, it was a picture of Viktor Krum. She smiled as she remembered what Ron said when he gave it to her.

"My mum sent two posters of him for my birthday, and I didn't like this one much, so I am giving it to you."

Channy rolled her eyes at the memory. Ron was an idiot, that was for sure.

"Would you like to have lunch over at my house?" Hagrid asked, when they were walking back.

"As much as I would like to, I promised Professor McGonagall I would go with her to Three Broomsticks for lunch. Tomorrow for sure, though."

Hagrid smiled at Channy.

"How is Fang?" She asked, trying to make conversation.

"Good, big."

"He hasn't been up to anything in my absence?" She asked jokingly.

"He has actually been under control and calm."

"He is getting old."

"Not really. Only nine years old."

"Well I'm personally surprised he has made it this long with his size."

"He is as healthy as a horse, and acts as though he is still two at times."

Channy laughed. It was true she hadn't been spending much time with Fang lately, as she grew older she spent less and less time with Fang, he was still technically her dog.

"I'm going over to Hagrid's for lunch tomorrow." Channy told Snape at dinner that night. Snape nodded. "And I'm making a vow right this moment to spend more time with Hagrid and Fang this summer considering how little time I got to spend with them during the school year."

Again Snape merely nodded, he wasn't going to complain about her endless conversations, because he had to deal with the fact he might never hear them again.

"Are you even listening?" Channy said, raising her voice.

"Of course I am, I'm always listening to you, and nothing could make me stop." Snape replied.

Channy turned beet red, and looked down at her plate. It was just her and Snape in his office that night.

"The school year was fun." She said, in a lame attempt to make conversation.

"Fun." Snape scoffed "You almost got yourself killed twice and should've been in detention a lot more than you were. I wouldn't try to be that close of friends with the Weasley twins, they aren't good company."

"I think they are just fine, always looking for a good laugh. You can never wear a frown around them. I don't even spend all my time with them."

"Well Harry Potter isn't any better company he is arrogant, and a rule breaker, and struts around like he is a king."

Channy stood up angrily "Excuse me! Harry doesn't strut, he isn't the least bit arrogant, he highly doubts his skills, I'll have you know! And he only breaks the rules to save people from Voldemort, including you, I might add!"

"Lower your voice, please."

"I will not! You only dislike my friends because they are in Gryffindor."

"That's not true!" Snape said, standing up now as well.

"It is true, and you know it."

"I only dislike Potter because he is James Potter's son!"

"And what did James Potter do wrong!"

"He married Lily, that's what!"

"Lily, the woman you love is Harry's mum." Channy asked calmly. Snape couldn't deny what he said, so he nodded. Channy's shoulders sunk, taking this in.

"Oh, well then do you act like you hate everyone else?"

"Because they aren't you. You're the only student I will ever love, or like for that matter."

Channy blushed again, looking down at her feet, wondering how she felt about this. She smiled, liking how it sounded. She was the only student he would ever love. She weighed that in her mind.

"What about when I'm not a student?" Channy asked teasingly.

"I will always love you, no matter what happens, no matter what comes between us, you will be the only person I will ever love."

Channy smiled brightly at this, slightly overwhelmed at the sound of it.

But of course it was only meant as a fatherly love, right? Channy couldn't be so sure. Especially when she wasn't sure that her love felt for him might not have been daughter like love. Why was this so confusing?

O o O o O o O o O o O o O o O o O o O o O

A/N: Hope you liked this chapter, review if you did! Happy 4th of July to all you Americans out there! Stay safe, and out of the aim zone. Lol! Sorry for the shortness, I was trying to finish it before we went camping, because there isn't any internet access in the forest.

A/N: Sorry that took so long, I was trying to finish another chapter for my other story. I really appreciate everything my readers do, whether it is just reading the story, reviewing, putting it on story alert, or telling friends about it. I am grateful. And I realize that the teachers live elsewhere during the summer, but let's just pretend that they live at Hogwarts, if you please. It just makes it easier on Channy, to not have to go to several different places in one summer. Ok, ideas are bubbling in my head, I need to get writing!

Channy looked in her closet, mostly dresses and skirts, and pretty tops. She distasted jeans and shorts, robes even more. She held a strapless, aqua knee length dress in front of her. There were black ruffles at the bottom, just barley stick out from under the hem of the dress. It was made out of veil like fabric.

She bit her lip as she looked into the full length mirror. She thought about it, then laid it on her bed and stripped off her bedtime shorts and tank top. Throwing them carelessly on the floor. She slipped into the dress and looked at herself in the mirror.

She looked sideways, and over her shoulder. And put her hair in a pony tail with the pony tail holder Hermione had let her borrow for an exam, that Channy was convinced was a lucky pony tail holder. She threw the pony tail over her shoulder. Her hair wasn't curly as it was when she was little, it was more wavy now. And it wasn't red it was more of an auburn.

She smeared on some eyeliner a fifth year Gryffindor had given her for her twelfth birthday. She put on black ballet flats with little bows on the toes of the shoe. She smiled approvingly at the image in the mirror, and walked out of her bedroom. She smiled at Professor McGonagall as she walked by.

"I have a surprise for you. Close your eyes." the professor instructed. Channy did so, her lashes resting peacefully on her ivory cheeks. Professor McGonagall led Chandler down the stairs and out into the hall way leading to the Great Hall.

"Will I like the surprise?" Channy asked timidly.

"I think you will find it very . . . Amusing." McGonagall replied. Channy bit down on her bottom lip, like she often did. It was a bad habit she had gotten into.

Minerva halted Channy and said "On the count of three, open your eyes. One, Two, Three."

Chandler's eyes flew open to see Snape in front of her.

He wore a red and white striped T-shirt, and it was tucked neatly into his bright blue jeans. He was wearing white sneakers with two blue stripes on the middle of the shoe. He looked quite disgusted at the outfit, but when Channy broke into little fits of giggles, he couldn't help but smile too.

"What's all this?" She asked Snape, her face lit up slightly pink.

"Well, I remember what you said, about Disneyworld, and I thought about it, thinking if I had not found you, you probably, might've went to Disneyworld, and I didn't want you missing out..."

A smile spread across Channy's face. "Really?" She asked excitedly.

He nodded "Go pack, our train leaves in two hours from King's Cross to the airport, to Florida."

Snape didn't like the plane, and would've appeared if it were not for the luggage. When they did land in Miami they got a taxi to their hotel. When they checked into their suite, Channy went straight to the bed she wanted. It was the one nearest the window. She set her trunk on the bed and sat on the window sill, looking out at the busy city.

She smiled, and swung her legs, the city darkened quickly. It was nearly ten when they checked in.

"I'm going to take a shower." Channy announced. Snape nodded, and watched her walk gracefully to the bathroom.

Stop! he thought to himself She is young enough to be your daughter. Hell, she practically is your daughter!

The next morning Channy woke up early, got dressed in a hot pink, strapless dress, that went up to mid thigh, and had a low back. The bottom had a thin stripe of blue lace. She put on silver eye shadow and mascara. She put her hair in a high pony tail. And then she

reached into her bag and took out sun block. Hermione had given it to her, asking her not to get sun cancer over the summer.

She rubbed it into her legs, and up her arms, but when she tried to reach over her shoulders for her back, she couldn't reach it. She struggled, but did so silently, so as not to wake Severus. They had agreed on the plane ride over that she was to call him anything but Professor or Snape or Professor Snape over the summer.

She just gave up, and decided to take her chances with the sun when two sun block covered hands were on her shoulders, smoothing in sun block. Channy jumped slightly, but then closed her eyes and relaxed under his touch.

His hands were soft, and gentle against her skin. Her stomach flopped, and her heart beat wildly in her chest, but she masked all this behind a peaceful angel face.

All that was shattered when Severus slid one finger half an inch under the elastic of her dress. Her breath hitched, and she nearly jumped out of her skin, but he didn't stop, he slid his finger back and forth along the end of the back of the dress. Chandler shuddered with delight, that sent a smile to Severus's face.

He went up and down her spine with his index fingers, going all the way to her neck, and stopped at her hairline before going back down to where the dress started.

"How did you sleep?" He asked calmly, though he felt as though he might burst with happiness.

"Very well, thank you." Channy said, Severus could hear the smile in her voice. "You?" She asked.

"Could've been better, if..." He trailed off. Channy was going to let it drop, but her curiosity got the best of her.

"If?" She asked.

"If I was back in my own bed. It was odd not having the same one." He lied smoothly. Really since Channy had started school, his ideal night of sleep to have her in the same bed as him, being able to hold

her close, and smell the wonderful scent that came off of her. To see her angel face in a deep slumber. But he didn't dare say that.

He spun Channy around and said "Let's get that face of yours."

She turned scarlet, but didn't object when his thumbs went under her bangs, and down the length of her jaw bone. He rubbed under her eyes and in between her eyebrows, down her nose. He absent mindedly rubbed countless circles on her cheeks. Then, slowly, he traced the outline of her lips. She smiled up at him.

He leaned in, quickly at first, then slowed until their faces were only inches apart. Severus shivered slightly when her mint breath tickled his face. He smiled, and closed his eyes. He saw fireworks on the inside of his eyelids, loving every moment of this. He knew how very, very wrong it was, but he was too selfish to let a simple matter like age get in the way of what he wanted.

And what he wanted was her.

Then he didn't feel her closeness and he opened his eyes to see her rubbing sun block in between her hands. He felt foolish.

"Your turn." Channy said, trying to keep the nervous shaking out of her voice, but failed miserably. She decided to shut up and rub his back.

Severus, acting completely on impulse, and the possibility of being high off of Channy, took off the shirt he had worn to bed. Channy looked around the room, trying to keep her eyes off of his surprising muscular figure.

She was a bright red, and her ears were hot. She took her chance and looked at him. She smiled, and went up his neck gently massaging below his ear lobes. Severus smiled. Channy walked to the front of him, trying not to stare at his, very well developed chest, but again, she failed.

She rubbed his chest slowly, lost in thought. She traced the outline of his muscles, smiling as she did so. Severus closed his eyes, and she lifted her hands off him.

"Don't stop." He pleaded.

"Well, we can't have your face sunburned can we?" Channy asked playfully.

A small smile formed on Severus's face. She had to raise to her toes to rub in his forehead. She finished with his face quickly to get back to his chest.

"Maybe we shouldn't go today, we can wait until tomorrow." Severus suggested.

Chandler pushed on his stomach lightly. "No, then we would have to go through this again. And we wouldn't want that, would we?" Channy bit her lip, and stepped back. "Now go get dressed, so we can get a taxi before there are none left."

Unwillingly Severus turned and went to get dressed.

Channy stood in line for the Dumbo ride, smiling up happily at Severus. She didn't know what to think of the morning, but she didn't want to forget it. She maybe even wanted to repeat it. Her and Severus got into an elephant together, and she laughed happily when it lifted up into the air.

She lifted her arms into the air and laughed.

In the Haunted Mansion, Chandler grasped onto Severus's hand, and hid her face in his shirt. She wasn't really scared, she had seen much, much worse, but she wanted to feel his chest through the thin material of his shirt. It was a black shirt, so at least he didn't look to different.

Severus, pretended he didn't know what Channy was up to. He felt her hand roam around on his chest. He enjoyed the electric shock he felt whenever they touched. He asked if they could go again, but Channy just laughed and tugged him toward another line.

When they got to the hotel late that night, Channy couldn't stop saying how much fun it was, then they entered the elevator she fell asleep, leaning against Severus. He carried her bridal style to the suite. He laid her on his bed, taking off her hot pink flip flops and then pushing her up higher on the bed, so her head was on the pillows. She smiled when she smelt Severus's scent on the pillows.

Snuggling closer to it, thinking it was him. He took off his shirt, and laid next to her. Afraid she might wake up, but what did it matter? Weren't their feelings for each other the same? So he timidly wrapped his arms around her waist, she stirred slightly in her sleep, turning to face him, burying her face in the crook of his neck. Her slender legs wrapping around one of his loosely. He jumped slightly at this, surprised. But then he remembered she was asleep. Her fingers interlocked at the small of Severus's back. Severus inhaled the scent of her hair, it smelt like strawberries. It was her shampoo, and even after a whole day at Disneyworld, with smelly rides and children crowding around her, he could still smell her shampoo, like she had just washed it moments ago. He drifted asleep.

And he finally got his perfect night of sleep.

A/N: Sorry it took so long, but it was worth the wait in my opinion! I'm way to cocky for my own good. Lol! I thought my first two digit chapter should be like this, you know, kind of like a landmark! I'm really happy, and I spent a long time writing this! So please review so I know my hard work wasn't in vain. Keep reading, thank you my readers, and another special thank you to Lily-Julie for giving me the idea for Disneyworld and many others that I'm planning to use. I'm very grateful!

A/N: I know I should be writing the next chapter to 'We Both Love Her' but I couldn't stop writing this! I'm so excited! And I also read a story by Lily-Julie, Bella's 2nd Epiphany, and it is really good. I read the whole thing in a couple hours! It is a Twilight Fan Fiction, she wrote another one as well, but I have not read that one yet, though I plan to after I finish this chapter. And as to the Twilight thing, if you don't like Twilight, don't read it. I for one am a Twilight and Harry Potter fan. Ok, so now that that is all cleared up let's get on with the story. And Lily-Julie also gave me another great idea (Where would I be without her?) that will come later in the story. So another big thanks to her!

THANK YOU!

Channy was only really half asleep in the morning, she wasn't tired, but wasn't awake enough to move. Either that, or she didn't want to move. She realized where she was, in Severus's embrace. She smiled widely. Her stomach flopped, in the pleasurable way.

That annoying little voice in the back of her head was saying that this was wrong, it was absurd, and that she shouldn't be doing this. But where would she be if she had listened to that voice all her life? Probably with a clean record of never getting detentions, being the perfect child, and in her own bed.

She snuggled closer to Severus, not able to get close enough in her opinion.

She heard a chuckle and then Severus pulled her as close as humanly possible. He loved the feeling of her fast, nervous heart beat on his chest, and how her hair tickled his face, and her breath brushed his bare shoulder.

"Good morning." He said, with a small laugh. He felt her smile grow.

"Morning." She mumbled. Severus's smile grew, because she was awake and wanting him. He timidly kissed her hair. Then down to her forehead, to her cheeks and then the tip of her nose. He hovered over her lips for a moment, then leaned back against his pillow, releasing Channy from his grasp.

She sat up, still in her dress from the day before. She looked down at Severus, somewhat disappointed.

"Why did you stop?" She asked quietly.

"It's wrong. Don't you realize that?"

Channy hung her head. "I did, then I realized that it doesn't matter. Age is just a number."

"Yes, but I have a desperately confusing life. One that if you got caught up in, your life could be in danger, and I couldn't handle that, if my life killed you."

This shocked Channy a little bit. She sat back before said confidently "I don't care."

She was on top of him now. Her knees on the bed and she sat on his stomach. She pinned his hands above his head.

"You need to s-stop." He said, but it was clear in his voice he didn't want her to.

"Make me." She taunted, before releasing his hands and rolling onto her side.

"Why are fighting it? After all, haven't you been dreaming about this since I turned 11?"

"I have, but I didn't think any of it through. It was selfish, and could be the death of you."

"Weren't you listening? I don't care. I almost died twice, and I wasn't the least bit scared."

"But I was."

"I should've died twice, and I didn't. I think I can overcome whatever you are convinced will kill me."

Then Severus leaned in for another kiss, Channy smiled. Finally, she thought. Her heart beat, and everything slowed, it took all her strength not to just kiss him first.

There was a loud ringing, and then they broke apart. Channy groaned and grabbed the phone.

There was an annoyingly friendly female voice on the other end.

"You asked for a wake up call." She said.

"Oh, yeah thank you, very much." Channy said.

"What's wrong?" Severus asked her jokingly when she hung up.

"I'm getting dressed." She said somewhat quietly, taking a dress out of her trunk without looking at it.

She walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower to hot. She was confused by that rush of impulse that had rushed through her. She didn't know what the hell had come over her, she wasn't mad at herself, she wasn't made at Severus. She wasn't mad at all. Well, she couldn't say that. She was mad at all the confusion and suddenness.

What had made all of this happen? Was it the sun block incident? It wasn't really an incident, because she was happy it had happened. She hopped in the shower and let the hot water temporarily clear her mind. She lathered herself in her vanilla smelling body soap, it was a smaller bottle because of their ride on the plane.

She rinsed herself, then got her hair soapy with her strawberry shampoo. She then squirted some shaving cream onto her legs and shaved them, and then her under arms. She stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her head and her body. She felt calm, but she knew when she came out of the bathroom, it would all fade. It wasn't a bad nervousness, it was somewhat exciting, but for the moment, being calm was a good thing. She picked up the dress she had taken out of her trunk.

It was a strapless (like most of her dresses) and white on her bust, then a thick red stripe, then the skirt was grey. She slipped on after she dropped her towels to the ground. When she was fully dressed she blow dried her hair, and put it into a low pony tail. She contemplated putting on make up. She put on a clear, sparkling lip gloss, some cover up, and mascara. She observed herself in the mirror and walked out.

Severus was fully dressed, it was odd seeing him in regular clothes, even if they were black. She saved herself one moment to laugh, then went forward to get the sun block out of her bag. Severus was staring out the window.

"What are you thinking about?" Channy asked, almost teasingly, but truly wanting to know.

"Several things."

"Oh. Would you care to enlighten me."

"Which one do you want to know about?"

"Whichever." She said trying to conceal eagerness.

"The one that is occupying my attention the most is where, and when we will be having breakfast."

"There is a restaurant downstairs." She said halfheartedly

Severus watched Channy try to choose what she was going to eat.

"Waffles sound good, but pancakes are also tempting me." She said, smiling. Every move entranced Severus more, and he had no idea why.

Then a young boy came up. He had short black hair, was incredibly tall with a well toned body and deep blue eyes. Channy bit her lip and looked up at him, Severus could feel the jealousy welling up in him.

"Hey, I'm Jeremy I will be your server today, can I get you guys anything to drink?" He asked, he was supposed to be talking to both of them, but he was staring down at Channy. She turned a bright red, but her stomach didn't flop like it did whenever she looked at Severus. It was odd, having a deep blush on her cheeks without the flopping in her stomach.

"Yes, I would like a cup of coffee." Severus said icily. Jeremy turned ever so unwillingly away from Channy.

"Cream or sugar?" He asked, striving to be polite.

"Just plain is fine." Severus did not strive to be polite. Jeremy turned back to Channy.

"And you?" He asked her.

"I would like some orange juice, please." She said with a bright smile.

He jotted that down. "Have you decided on what you are going to eat?" He asked.

Severus opened his mouth to talk, but Channy spoke first.

"I'm trying to decide between waffles or pancakes, which is better?" She asked.

"The pancakes, definitely."

"Ok, then the pancakes please." She said, flashing another one of her brilliant smiles. Severus wondered if she was completely oblivious to how she dazzled people or just did because she could do it.

"And you, sir?" Jeremy asked Severus.

"Toast, eggs and bacon." Severus said in the evil drawl he used with students.

"H-how do you l-like your e-eggs?" Jeremy asked, stumbling through the question. Channy laughed, he obviously had never had a seemingly evil teacher.

"Scrambled, very much scrambled."

Jeremy nodded and practically ran to the kitchen. All through breakfast he kept his eyes off Channy.

"You get very jealous, don't you?" Channy asked.

"You just noticed?" Severus asked, flashing a brief smile before concealing it with his usual scowl.

"I was little then, and you were jealous like a father not like a . . ."

"Like a what?"

"Never mind."

"Please tell me." He asked, her heart sped up as he looked deep into her eyes.

"As a lover." She said nervously. "Don't hate me." she added quietly.

"Why would I hate you, you can consider yourself right, for the time being. It most likely won't last through first term, if you run that mouth of yours to your little friends. But yes for right now, you can consider me your lover, as you put it."

Channy smiled ecstatically, ignoring his jab at her big mouth.

"I do have a question though." Severus said, Channy nodded. "If you were under the impression we were lovers, then why were you eyeing our waiter?"

"I wasn't eyeing him." Channy shot back defensively.

"Well then why were you smiling at him in your very endearing way?"

"I didn't know my smiles were endearing. I did blush, but my stomach doesn't do flops like it does when I see you." She admitted almost sheepishly.

This took Severus off guard for a moment, he was quite happy to hear this, but taken back none the less. They looked at each other for a long while, unblinking. It was pleasant stare, not one that made you feel uncomfortable, and under pressure. They just gazed deep into each others eyes. No need for words, they felt as if they knew each others thought. They let their gazes tell all.

When Severus finally lowered his eyes he looked down at his plate of food in front of him. Jeremy breathed slowly. Channy snickered as he lowered her plate.

"Thank you." She said, smiling sweetly. She remembered what Severus said about her smiles and how they endeared people, and stopped abruptly. Severus glared at Jeremy, and Channy lightly kicked his shin under the table.

"Thank you." He barely uttered, but he wasn't glaring anymore.

"So what are we going to do today?" Channy asked, cutting her pancakes.

"Same thing as yesterday." Severus answered, almost laughing.

"I mean are we going to do anything different, like go on different rides, or eat lunch somewhere different, maybe see the fireworks. I could go on." Channy rambled. Severus laughed slightly under his breath at this silly young woman in front of him.

"We could go and see the fireworks. I'm sure we will probably go on different rides as well, the ones we didn't cover yesterday. Remember we are only out here for four days, tomorrow we might go and do something different, go to the beach, we could try to walk around the city for a little while, and try not to get lost."

Channy nodded and chewed her pancakes hurriedly, wanting to get on with her day. Who knew what was going to happen, besides the obvious of riding rides and walking around Disneyworld.

"Slow down and taste your food, I would hate to have to hear you complain about a swollen tongue for the rest of the day."

Channy made a mocking face at him, and chewed slower. "There, you happy?" She asked after she had swallowed.

"Very." He said almost coldly. Channy laughed when she imagined Ron shaking next to her. She could see through all his fake cruelty, and meanness. It was all a joke to Channy.

Channy had watched the fireworks with intensity. She replayed the display in her head when they were in the taxi on their way to the hotel. She loved the fireworks, they were even better than the ones the Weasley twins occasionally put on.

She was silent on the way up to the room, Severus half wondered if she was asleep with her eyes open, but she thanked him for opening the door, and started her usual buzz of chatter when he closed the doors behind them.

"I'm going to take a shower." Severus announced, Channy shut up and nodded. As soon as she heard the water running she stripped off her dress and put on her bed shorts and camisole before sitting on the window sill and watching the city go by in a rush.

Her mind wasn't truly on the city, though. Her mind was on the stupid topic of which bed she should bed she should sleep that night.

She was thinking about slipping under the covers of Severus's bed, but thought that would be pushing it a little too far. She didn't do it consciously last night, but then again, Severus did. If she slept in her own bed then he would either be confused on why she would do that after he said they were lover's, or he might be happy that she wasn't closing in on his space.

He might've been calling them lover's for Channys sake, making her happy, or he could've meant it. She finally resolved that she would sleep in her own bed, and see how he reacted so she could plan ahead for tomorrow night.

She slid smoothly under her covers, they were cold, but quickly warmed. Channy reached over to the pen and paper on the bedside table and wrote down a quick note.

Sev-

Got tired, so goodnight. See you tomorrow morning.

-Channy XOXO

Channy then quickly drew a little heart under her name, like she always did, it had become a habit as soon as she started doing it when she was nine. She placed the paper on his pillow, and turned off the lamp on her side.

Severus got out of the shower, he was shirtless but had black lounge pants (as Channy called them) on.

He read her note and smiled. She was peeking at him through her lashes. He came over to her and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Goodnight, Channy." He whispered and turned off his light.

They both drifted slowly into sleep. Both feeling as though their beds were empty, missing something, like it was lacking one other person.

A/N: Okay thanks for reading, please review if you liked it. :) I really love all the reviews I get so please review. Hope you enjoyed this chapter. And the next one should be up fairly soon. . . I hope. Stay patient with me. Thank you to all my faithful readers, and another thanks to Lily-Julie. You guys should appreciate her, because I never would've wrote the last two chapters if she had not come up with the Disneyworld idea. So you can thank her by reading her stories, if you like Twilight. It's just common sense, if you don't like Twilight, don't read a Fan Fiction about it. Love you all!

A/N: Hey! Ok, so I spent a lot of time with friends, and I am super happy! I have ideas bubbling in my brain as I am writing this. But my internet is being really stupid and sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. I am getting to know how to fix it, but I don't know. So If I don't update for a while, it means I'm just writing chapter after chapter to post for when my internet works again. Lots of love and hugs and kisses to all.

Channy laughed with glee, when she did this, it was hard for Severus to see her as the young woman she was, but as the little girl he had adopted from Diagon Alley not so many years before.

Channy stuck another small piece of pink cotton candy on her tongue. She loved cotton candy. She had gone through a bag and a half already, with some of Severus's help. They walked from the street fair to the beach, it wasn't overly crowded because of the street fair going on, but there were still many people there.

Channy took off her flip flops and ran towards the water going in ankle deep before going back out onto the hot sand that burned her feet. She grabbed Severus's hand and pulled him into the water with her. The bottom of his dark denim jeans were soaked, but Channy knew as soon as they got back to Hogwarts, they would be useless anyways.

She splashed in the water with him playfully.

"Can you swim in this water?" Channy asked.

"I'm sure you could. But you would have to be careful, there are probably loads of dangerous animals in the water."

Channy wasn't sure whether or not he was kidding, but she didn't like it either way and decided not to ask further into the matter.

"Besides, you don't even have a swimming suit, or know how to swim for that matter." Severus continued.

"Maybe you could teach me." Channy mumbled, not sure if he heard her. She remembered a booth at the street fair that had swimming suits. On their way back she would get one. She confirmed with herself. She had never been taught how to swim, she had always

suggested the Black Lake, but Severus said no, very sternly she might add.

Channy was running in the water, which wasn't a great idea. She tripped over herself within minutes, but she soon found the arms she held out to catch herself were not needed. An arm that did not belong to her wrapped itself around her tiny waist, pulling her back to her feet. She was stable, but the arm did not leave its resting spot.

Channy blushed a deep red, but didn't push it away. She closed her eyes, before the arm spun her around.

Severus looked deep into those green eyes. Her auburn waves down to her mid back. He saw Lily in her face, even though they weren't related at all. He wondered on this. Why they looked so alike. He wanted to hit himself for saying this. Channy wasn't Lily, not even close. She was her own beautiful, funny, smart, loving self. Lily was all of these things, and Severus hated comparing the two. He felt Channy deserved better than to be compared to.

Severus squeezed his eyes shut and let Channy go. She staggered back a step, but didn't fall. She stared at him, he was thinking. She could tell by his face. He was mad, too.

"What's wrong? Did I anger you?" She asked, reaching for Severus's hand, taking it in both of her own.

"No, I angered myself." He opened his eyes, there was something in them that made Channy's breath leave her body. It was something she had never seen in his eyes before. She wanted to know what it was, because it wasn't the anger he had said he was in.

Channy smiled at him, happy to see he was masking anger well. This didn't stop her curiosity but she put it to rest.

They walked back to the street fair, maybe an hour after. Their hotel wasn't far from the fair so they had just walked.

"I'll meet you back at the hotel. I want to browse some more." Channy said to Severus. Reluctantly he nodded, giving her hand an extra squeeze before turning back. Channy hurriedly ran through the booths, trying to find the swimming suit booth.

Once she did find it she fished through the juniors and found a very attractive swimming suit.

It was a black bikini. The had black and white striped strings that tied around the back of her neck and white bottom. She smiled at it happily then search the men's section for Severus. She found a pair of black swim shorts. Thinking he would be more comfortable in that color. She contemplated getting a swimming shirt, but for her own pleasure, she didn't.

He would hate her.

She paid for them with the Muggle money that had traded for Galleons at Gringotts, and she walked back to the hotel. She used her key to get into their room.

"Sev?" Channy asked, she soon found the room was empty.

There was a note on the bed side table. She put the bag on her bed and sat down to read the note.

Channy-

Went to get food at the Japanese take out place across the street. I would prefer not to go to the restaurant down stairs tonight, we could eat in the room, just enjoy the view for the rest of the night. Hope you don't mind.

-Severus

Channy smiled and laid back on her bed, before deciding to try on her swimming suit. She went into the bathroom, in case Severus came in at the very wrong time.

It looked amazing, she had to admit. It took her about five minutes to be satisfied, and tore it off before Severus came back. She knew why he didn't want to go to the restaurant that night. When they left for the street fair they saw Jeremy walk in. Channy laughed as she slipped her dress back on.

It was strapless (no surprise there) it was hot pink with a tight torso and a flowing bottom, it went to just above her knees. It was cotton and very comfortable. When she walked out of the bathroom she

went back to her bed. She picked up a map of the city of the bedside table. Tomorrow was their last day in Florida, she wanted to do something besides repack.

She looked over the city trying to pick out something to do. Then something caught her eye. SeaWorld. It had a picture of dolphins and other aquatic animals near it. She went up to the desk and turned on the computer that came with the room. She typed SeaWorld into Google. She had caught on to how to use the computer when she ask the man at the front desk.

She looked over the website. There were a bunch of animals and rides that caught her eye. She quickly wrote down the directions. Maybe they could walk there. Channy enjoyed walking around the city. She got to see more of it that way. See inside the windows of stores, maybe even go in one or two when she saw a cute dress that she could take back home with her.

It didn't seem to far from the hotel on the map. She would ask. She shut down the computer and took some of her homework out of her bag. She thought she wasn't going to do it, but she took it to appease the teachers.

She started on a Herbology essay that was relatively easy. She finished it within a half an hour and looked over it to make sure she didn't make any mistakes. She didn't.

What the hell is taking Severus so damn long? She thought. She went to look out the window. It wouldn't be hard to miss him, at least she hoped not. She saw the Japanese restaurant he was referring to. But she didn't see him walking to or from it. This got Channy worried. She slipped on her pink flip flops and scribbled a note below Severus's

"You took to long. Going across the street to find you. I may have just missed you." She read to herself. She nodded and printed her name and her usual heart after it.

She walked out the door and locked it behind her and walked down the hall towards the elevator. She opened it and pushed the button for the lobby. She walked up to the man at the front desk.

"Excuse me, but how long does the pool stay open?" Channy asked sweetly.

"Until midnight. But hardly anyone goes in there after nine." He replied.

"Thank you." Channy smiled and began walking towards the revolving door. That is until she ran into a well toned chest.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't watching where I was going." Channy mumbled and looked up into the eyes of Jeremy.

"Oh it's you. I didn't catch your name." Jeremy said, looking behind Channy frantically.

"He's not here, I am actually going to look for him. I'm Chandler, but I go by Channy."

She held out her hand and Jeremy took it to eagerly. "Channy." He said, seeing how it sounded on his lips. "I like it." He said. "So is he your dad. That black haired man."

"Kind of." Channy let go of his hand. "He sort of adopted me. Well I sort of adopted him. It was a long time ago, I hardly remember it, but he is the closest thing I have to a father. I haven't seen my parents since I was two and a half."

"What happened?"

"I'm not sure. I was really little, like I said. I just remember growing up with him." But Channy did remember, she remembered her parents with painful clarity. She remembered Severus and Minerva and Albus all getting together and telling her that her parents left her. She remembered her mum used to sing her to sleep. She still hums the tune every now and again. She remembered her father coming home from work exhausted, but tucked her in and told her a story by memory every night before he fell asleep. She had an amazing memory. She wished she didn't, she wished she could forget them, and just remember times at Hogwarts, where she grew up.

Jeremy nodded at her response.

"I have to go. Nice speaking to you." Channy mumbled, and tried to hold back tears as she exited the building to find the one person who would truly understand.

A/N: This chapter is dedicated to my dog who has waited very patiently and loyally by my side waiting for me to get up and take him for a walk. Thanks for reading, and I'm sure my dog would appreciate some reviews so his wait wasn't in vain. So do it for the puppy. He is a Goldendoodle, which is a mixture of a Golden Retriever and Poodle. He is super cute and worth reviewing for. He has these big brown, irresistible eyes that melt your heart in an instant. Do you know the will power it takes to deny him things like walks for a story. I made him wait for several hours. I will tell him how many reviews I get to see if he is satisfied, and if he isn't he might have to give you guys a little talking to. I love you guys, but my dog, you see, he doesn't understand things like how much this story, and readers mean to me. He only understands reviews mean it is worth the wait. So review for him. Love y'all! Next chapter up ASAP!

A/N: My, my Lily-Julie is a good guesser. Y'all are in for a treat, I hope you like it, some of you might completely hate me after this chapter is done. I have some sort of plan for the story, just an outline. Just trust me on this, ok?

There were several things Channy loved about herself. She loved her personality, she loved her maturity, she even loved how she looked. She wasn't conceded, there just wasn't much to hate about her. The one thing she loved most about herself in this instant was that no one could ever tell when she had been crying. She looked as normal as ever, just another face.

Only two people had ever been able to tell she had been crying. That was Severus and Hermione. Ron and Harry had never been given the chance.

She walked passed all the oblivious people. She wasn't even sure they would help her if they did know she had been crying. She calmed herself with the thought that she would soon be in loving, understanding arms, and she could cry all she wanted. She hated remembering her parents, if she was being honest with herself, she did want to see them again, she once, but she knew no one would allow her that. She loved the life she lived, everyone knew that, but some part of her was crying out for her real parents, the ones she looks like, she wanted to know who she got her eyes from.

She wanted to know who she looked the most like. She wanted to hear her mother sing to her again, and her father tell her a story from memory. She had everything she ever wanted, she never complained. She had several mother like figures and men who were better than any father could be. Give her ten minutes with her parents, and she would pounce on the opportunity, like a cat on a mouse.

But on the other hand she didn't want anything to do with them, for fear of remembering them more clearly than she already did. She would know more clearly what she was and wasn't missing. The thought scared her more than it should. That's why she needed to talk to Severus, to set her mind straight.

She ran into the restaurant, looking around, and there he was sitting in a booth in the corner. He had no food or drink in front of him.

She sat down across from him, and smiled sweetly. Grabbing his hand.

"You know when I wrote that note, I didn't mean for you to come here." Severus said, with hint of humor in his voice.

"Oh I know. You were just taking to long." Channy smiled, she wondered if he had noticed she had been about to cry.

"Were you afraid I was snogging the waitress in the bathroom?"

"No! But I will keep that in mind the next time you go off on your own." Channy laughed. Her face lit up, all that she was going to talk about slipped away. She didn't know why she worried so much about it. But when she saw Severus, nothing really mattered to her except him.

Severus chuckled slightly to himself. He wish he could tell everyone how much he really did love her. How she made his life so much better, so much more bearable. She made it so easy to forget all that he had done wrong. He even made her forget about Lily occasionally. She made him forget about the mark on his arm. And when she got a certain look in her eyes, the only way to explain it was a seemingly innocent look, that was seductive, his brain turned into jelly. He was like her puppet, he was sure everyone was her puppet.

The oblivious puppet master. She had every wrapped around that cute little finger of hers, but no one knew, especially not her.

Chandler Snape...Severus thought idly, before mentally slapping himself.

"What are you thinking about?" Channy asked.

You Severus wanted to say, but he bit it back and didn't.

"When the damn food is going to get here." He finally said. Channy hung her head. That was close to the same answer she got the other day when she asked this very same question. It didn't satisfy her, but she couldn't help but agree, as her stomach growled fiercely.

Then it went silent between the two.

They were on their way back to the hotel before Channy finally spoke.

"I got you something. At the fair."

"What?" Severus asked warily.

"Oh, you will just have to wait and see. And I found out what to do tomorrow, and tonight. And I finished my Herbology essay."

"Amazing what women can do in such a short amount of time." Severus muttered. Channy laughed at this. She linked her arm with his and they walked up to their room. Severus opened the boxes and smells of sushi, and teriyaki chicken, and sweet and sour pork, and fried rice and noodles filled the room.

"I didn't know what to get, so I got whatever looked good." He said, half way sheepish.

Channy nodded. "Do you want to see what I got you?" She asked, suddenly bursting with excitement, after all, half the fun would be watching his face.

Severus shrugged. "I don't think I have any other option."

"Oh, you don't."

Channy walked over to her bag and dug through it for a moment until she found his swim shorts. She balled them up in her hands and hid it behind her back.

She threw them at him after a moment or two. He unwrapped the little ball, and just stared.

"No. I'm sorry, but this is a huge no." Severus said, keeping surprisingly calm.

"But I got one too." She complained. "And if we don't go swimming it'll be a waste of money, I at least have to learn in case I decide to visit Hermione and we go swimming!" She complained.

Severus may have been a strong man, who could resist, even repel woman, but when he heard of Channy in a swimming suit he just had to ask.

"You got a swimming suit?" Channy nodded, looking disappointed that she wouldn't be able to wear it. "What kind?" He asked.

"A black bikini. I even tried it on, and it looked great. It showed the amazing tan I got." Channy said, mentally high fiving herself for adding that in. She knew it was working.

"What would it hurt?" Severus said. Channy smiled and hugged him.

"It's open until midnight, but people stop coming at around nine so maybe at ten we can go down there." Channy suggested.

"That sounds fine as long as we can eat first." Severus replied.

Channy stepped into the bathroom, she turned on the fan and wet down her legs, squirted shaving cream on them and stepped into the dry shower quickly, and shaved her legs. Once that was done she slipped into her bikini. She laughed at herself as she got a devious idea. She wrapped a white towel around her torso, it went down to her mid thigh, it looked like a dress she usually wore. Severus would have to wait until they got to the pool before he saw her.

She stepped out of the bathroom and saw Severus, shirtless with a towel tossed over his arm. The sight took Channys breath away. He was still very muscular. Not that, that would've changed in two days, but Channy still got weak in the knees. It was truly amazing.

"Shall we go?" Severus asked. Channy nodded, breathless.

They walked quietly to the empty pool. They shut the glass door behind them. The whole structure was glass, the walls the doors the roof even. Channy looked up at the sky. Then she heard a splash. And was suddenly coated with warm water. She turned swiftly to see Severus in the pool. His wet hair stuck to his face. His chest glistened with beads of water. Channys heart lurched, and started beating faster then it ever has. He was sexy, she had to admit. Why had she never seen him wet before?

Then Channy looked at the depth of the water. It was 10 feet deep where he was at. Then Channys heart lurched again, and this time, not from happiness. This time, her heart lurched from fear. Channy took off her towel nervously. Now it was Severus's turn to be amazed. Her stomach was completely flat and she had gotten an amazing tan. Her body was completely perfect, and that bikini of hers showed more of her than he had ever seen.

She took her auburn hair out of it's pony tail and shook it loose around her face. She brushed her fingers through it, and put the holder on her wrist.

"So what to you want me to do?" Channy asked nervously.

"Jump in." Severus stated simply.

"What! This is how you teach someone to swim? Tell them to jump in at a depth that is twice as tall as they are!"

"Don't worry, I will catch you." Severus said soothingly. Channy relaxed and stepped back from the pool. Severus swam back a foot or two and waited.

Channy jogged to the pool side, and tried to stop, but she tried to late and was falling into the pool sideways. Severus caught her, as he had promised.

"First, I think it would be best to teach you how to tread water." He said. Channy giggled at this, Severus could feel her heart in her chest, threatening to pop out at any moment.

"Calm down. Move your legs like this, and then your arms." He demonstrated. She copied him and caught hang of it really fast, but Severus' hands were never more than inches away from her waist. Just in case.

Before no time she was swimming laps next to Severus, she was always a fast learner.

Channy was standing in the four foot section against the wall, Severus next to her.

"That was fun." She commented.

"Speaking of which, what were we going to do tomorrow?" Severus asked.

"SeaWorld. I found it on the map and maybe we could walk their. It seems fun. It is a ocean themed amusement park with aquatic animals and everything."

"Sounds doable."

Then a rush of something came over Channy when she looked beside her to see the man she had always loved, looking serious and sexy. Too sexy to be left alone. Was it impulse or adrenaline, something like that.

She spun around and was now facing him, her chest only inches from his. She locked her fingers behind his neck. She looked deep into his eyes. Mesmerizing, not only herself, but him as well. He took a couple steps away from the wall, and Channy locked her legs around his waist. She didn't kiss him, she in fact did the ever so innocent thing of laying her head on his shoulder.

Severus hugged her to him. He loved this girl, this woman. He truly did, she was everything to him, he knew how dangerous this was for her. If the Dark Lord ever came back, and he found out about Channy, she would be dead. But in that instant he didn't give a crap about the Dark Lord. For one moment in his life he didn't wonder about any one else except for him and Channy.

He felt her rhythmic heartbeat on his own and it soothed him, it was like a lullaby. A melody that he would never show the world, only he would know it. He wouldn't give it to anyone, he would keep this one thing to himself.

Then she looked up at him and gave him a famous dazzling smile that sent his heart racing. Her cheeks turned slightly pink. She leaned in closer to him, they were only inches apart.

They neared each other and Channy smiled, she thought how badly she wanted this man, how she had always wanted him in several ways.

He felt her minty breath tickle his face. It amazed him how she always smelt so good. He leaned in closer, wanting to kiss her.

There they were centimeters apart, a feather could push them together. They hesitated, both trying to savor the beautiful moment that would be treasured forever.

Then a man cleared his throat. Both their heads snapped up and they looked angrily at the owner of this noise. There was a tired looking man in the doorway, he had one a hotel uniform.

"The pool is closing. You have to leave." He said, sounding sorry for interrupting, but he wasn't sorry enough to not do it.

"Couldn't you have waited two blasted seconds before intruding!" Severus raged.

"Look, it has been a long day, and I just want to go home. So if you could please just get out of the pool so I can lock up and do that, it would be much appreciated."

Channy angrily swam to the stairs and climbed out. She tied her hair back and wrapped the towel around her. Severus draped the towel on his shoulders.

They walked out of the pool room, glaring at the man. When they got to their room Channy said she was going to take a shower, when she got out Severus was in bed, but not sleeping his eyes were wide open, waiting for her.

He pulled back his covers and said "Why don't you sleep in my bed tonight?"

Channy smiled and climbed into his bed.

"You know, I quite liked where our swimming lesson was going before we were so rudely interrupted." Severus said to Channy.

He was answered by the quiet snores coming from her sleeping body.

"Well damn."

A/N: HA HA I loved that ending! I can't believe I cam up with it. Now you guys are lucky, you get two chapters over 2000 words in one day, how often do you get that from me? Not often at all! Now how can you repay me? You ask, by leaving a quick review! It takes two seconds and minute at most, and it won't kill you I promise, I turned that button off! Thank you my faithful readers!

Now there is one matter of business to attend to. I know it is far off, but in Channys 7th year I have to decide whether she will be staying at Hogwarts, or going on the run with Harry, Ron, and Hermione. I want to know what the readers think! So please tell me, because I am trying to outline the story and that is kind of hard to do when I'm not sure what to do in Channys 7th year. And I'm going to give you guys two little spoilers to help you decide, maybe three.

1. Channy is going to find out that Severus is a Death Eater when he kills Dumbledore.
2. Channy is going to hate Severus for not telling her, and for being a Death Eater in the first place.
3. Channy is going to be pregnant (Another thanks to Lily-Julie for that idea, she deserves a round of applause!)

Tell me what you think, because I'm leaning more towards going on the run and have to deal with the obvious problems that Harry, Ron, and Hermione faced plus being pregnant and Snape not knowing until the final battle. But then there is also a lot of things I could do with Channy being at Hogwarts and drama between her an Severus. So there is good in each one and I am perfectly happy with both, but I want to know what you guys think! So REVIEW!

A/N: Ok, I'm sorry, I'm getting anxious, I want to go back to Hogwarts, so I'm skipping the rest of the summer, nothing happens worth reading swear. They don't even kiss, or tell anybody about their relationship, please don't hate me, but if I kept going on with the summer it would get boring FAST! And I have read several Fan Fictions that say the Severus has a little house thing in the dungeons and I think that is probably really logical, but in my story he sleeps in the teacher dormitory things, totally unrealistic. Sorry! Thank you for your opinions, I want more! Tell me what you want! Thank you!

Start of Second Year

Channy waited excitedly on the platform next to Hagrid. She had waited an entire summer for this. It had been especially long considering her and Severus hadn't told anyone about their relationship and couldn't share a room, which would provide her with more conversations that she wouldn't be ashamed to have in front of other people. She knew they wouldn't get very far for a long time.

Channy looked through the growing crowd, looking for three specific people, she found one without a problem.

"Hermione!" She squealed. "It's so good to see you!" She collected Hermione in a hug, reluctant to let her go.

"How was your summer?" Hermione asked.

"Long. I have something to tell you, but when we are alone. It is only for your ears." Hermione nodded, a smile spreading on her lips.

Hermione was Channys best friend. Sure she had Harry and Ron, but Hermione was girl and understood Channy better than any boy, even Severus, would.

They walked to the carriages and climbed in with Neville Longbottom, Fred and George Weasley, and Lee Jordan.

"Have you seen Harry and Ron?" Channy asked.

"Not since Kings Cross." Fred replied. Channy looked at Hermione and she just shook her head.

Everyone was flooding out of the Great Hall after supper. Channy fell back, not far enough that she would be deserted, but far enough no one would hear her. Severus jogged to catch up with her.

"What's wrong? You looked mad when you came in." Channy said, sneaking a glance up at him. His face furious.

"I've already had to deal with Potter and Weasley." He voice was seething.

"Those gits." She whispered. "What did they do?"

"I'm sure they will inform you when you get to the common room." A slight smile spread on his lips as he looked down at Channy. He kissed her swiftly on the cheek before heading to the dungeons.

"Goodnight, love." He whispered and she ran to catch up with the Gryffindors. She linked arms with Hermione, as if she wasn't even gone.

"What what was all that about?" Hermione asked.

"You were watching?"

"Well, I'm not oblivious. I knew you were gone."

"Oh well, he seemed mad so I wanted to see what was wrong and he told me Harry and Ron did something."

"Already?"

Channy nodded with a laugh "Apparently." Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Did you do anything special this summer?" Channy asked.

"Not really, I mostly spent time with my parents and did my homework. It was a relatively quiet summer. What about you?"

"Well I went to Disneyworld and then SeaWorld with Sev- Professor Snape."

"Really? That sounds exciting."

They walked through the portrait together, finding Harry and Ron when they went to sit by the fire, like they usually did last year. They talked about their summers, Harry's was really sad. He didn't even get their letters.

"So a house elf took our letters away from you? That's mental." Ron said when Harry told them about it.

"Almost as mental as Professor Lockhart." Harry laughed. Hermione slapped his arm.

"Don't say things like that, it's insulting a teacher." She protested.

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him. Unless of course, Hermione Lockhart tells him." Ron snickered. Hermione turned beet red.

"Shut up." She said. Channy laughed at all of them.

"I've missed you guys." She said happily, looking admiringly at all of her friends. Hermione hugged her friend, and whispered in her ear "What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"I'll tell you later."

Channy, in fact, could not tell Hermione later because Pavarti and Lavender stayed up all night whispering, and those were the last two people she wanted to know about her and Severus. Hermione understood of course. And waited for a time when they were truly alone.

The next morning at breakfast Channy kept glancing up at Severus. She just couldn't help herself. She was hopelessly in love with him. After one mere summer. She couldn't control what she felt around him. It was different with him. With Ron and Harry she knew they were only like brothers to her. It was the same with Fred and George.

With Severus, her cheeks got red, her stomach did nervous yet pleasurable little flips, her heart beat faster in her chest. She was completely happy around him, even if he was frustrating her to no end. She always left him feeling full of happiness.

Severus looked around quickly and flashed a smile, before returning to his normal scowl. Her stomach fluttered nervously. She wanted to

talk to him, just about anything that crossed her mind. She kept looking at him. She didn't want to break away from their gaze, no one noticed. So why should she? But then Hermione pulled her up, eager to meet their new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.

"Miss Georges please stay behind after class I must speak with you." Professor Snape drawled. Channy nodded, trying not to show any excitement. She gathered her books and headed to his desk. She looked back towards the dungeon door, Harry looked back at her.

"Shut the door, Potter." And the door slowly swung shut.

Channy smiled happily up at Severus as he brushed his fingertips along her jaw line.

He leaned forward very slowly. It was agonizingly slow. Channy got onto her tip toes and lightly put her lips on Severus'. He put his hand on the back of her neck and pulled her closer to him. She sunk back and smiled up at Severus.

"It was worth the wait...Professor." She said with a laugh, and walked out ever so confidently, but when she closed the dungeon door behind her she ran to catch up with Hermione on her way to the Greenhouse.

"HERMIONE! HERMIONE! HERMIONE! HERMIONE!" Channy squealed. Hermione spun around.

"What?" She asked.

"Hermione. I kissed him. I kissed Severus." Channy smiled, lightly put her fingers lightly on her lips in a sort of daze.

A/N: I'm sorry this chapter is so sucky. I'm really disappointed with it, but they kissed. So I hope it balances out. And I have so far only gotten two reviews for the last chapter telling me what they think should happen to Channy in her 7th year. Unfortunately, as much as they help, it isn't enough. I have a notebook that has all these wonderful ideas just brought to a stop because there isn't enough opinions. So please tell me what you think. I have plenty of room in my notebook for many, many great ideas. Just tell me what you want. Love y'all.

A/N: Thank you for the many reviews, I loved them. I have made up my mind on what Channy should end up doing in her 7th year. With a little help from Lily-Julie (thank you!) and TeaPott (thank you!) I have decided to have her stay at Hogwarts until Christmas then she would be seven months pregnant and Severus would know, but she would still hate him. And then she would have her baby with Tonks. How sweet, and help Harry, Ron and Hermione with the rest of their journey. Aw, crap. I just gave away practically the whole ending, fear not, I have more tricks up my sleeve. As of right now, ENJOY!

Channy smiled at herself, her hearting pounding in her ears. She traced the outline of her lips. Severus has kissed these lips, she thought happily.

Hermione laughed. "Very funny, Channy. But we need to get to class, stop telling jokes."

"But 'Mione it's not a joke. Really, we kissed."

"But he's like your dad, why would you kiss him?"

"That's what I was going to tell you. I love him, Hermione, not like a dad anymore, like a lover."

Hermione gasped, Channy waited for that happy smile to spread on her lips like it always did when something good happened to Channy. That was what she had been looking forward to all summer, seeing Hermione's face light up when she heard that Channy was happy. But that smile did not come. In fact a frown came.

"Well what's wrong? You're not jealous are you?" Channy asked with a laugh.

"No! Why on earth would I be jealous? You do understand how wrong this is. He is in his 30's! What on earth were you thinking. Obviously you weren't."

"Truthfully Hermione I was thinking about how happy I am with him, no matter the conversation, I was thinking how he is the only one who has ever, in my life, made my heart beat faster, and my stomach jump for joy, and he is obviously the only person who truly understands me. I thought you would understand and be happy for me."

"Chandler Rose! He is the most wrong person for you on this entire planet!"

"No he is not, even if you don't think so. I firmly believe he was standing in Diagon Alley the day my parents left me so I could come to Hogwarts with him, and grow up to fall in love with him."

Hermione dropped her head. "I just don't want you to get hurt."

Channy went up and hugged Hermione, about to tell her she wasn't going to get hurt.

"Miss Georges, Miss Granger I think it would be in our best interest if you head to class."

Channy looked up smiling at Severus. Hermione looked up nervously, she knew that she knew something Severus obviously didn't want her to know.

"Miss Georges you haven't informed Miss Granger about our little...chat earlier, have you?" Severus asked.

Hermione looked petrified, and went stiff.

"Tell Professor Sprout I will be in there in a minute or two, I must speak with Professor Snape again." Channy said to an all too willing Hermione. Channy then turned to Severus.

"Yes I did tell her." Channy said confidently.

"And why would you do that?" Severus yelled, then worked hard on lowering his voice.

"She is my best friend. You expect me to keep something from her?"

"Yes, I do actually."

"Well this was far too important to not tell her. Don't be mad, please." Channy looked up through her lashes. She knew Severus had a weakness for it. Severus' shoulders fell and he turned on his heels towards the castle. Channy stood there for a moment, then turned towards the greenhouse, not sure what to make of it.

Her first week passed in a blur. Before she knew it Channy was walking down to the dungeons for Sunday tea. Channy had a smile plastered on her face, as she knocked on the door.

"Come in." Severus said dryly. Channy's smile turned down at his tone, but walked in anyway. It was the weekend so she was wearing a dress. It was a deep purple and had spaghetti straps. The torso was tight and the bottom flowed to her knees. There was a black ribbon on her waist, and it had a fake purple flower on it. Her hair was braided loosely and thrown over her right shoulder. She was wearing purple Converse shoes that she bought in Florida, black leggings that went down to her mid calf and the top of her mismatched socks were barley showing over her shoes. One was black, the other was purple.

Severus almost smiled at her, but remembered what she had told Hermione, and didn't. "How was your first week?" He asked, not looking up from his Daily Prophet.

"Good, Ron got a Howler, it was funny. His younger sister, Ginny seems nice. And classes are going well, as far as I can tell."

Severus nodded, taking a sip of his coffee. Channy took her tea cup off the table, sighed and took a sip of it.

"How are your classes going?" She asked, searching him with her eyes, wanting to know what the hell was going. There was something in his face that was wrong.

"Fine."

"The students?"

"Fine." He said again.

"Alright, what's wrong?"

"What makes you think something is wrong?"

"I'm giving you a perfect opportunity to complain to me about my friends, what they have already done wrong. How bad they are in

classes, how arrogant you assume Harry is. You just say 'Fine' in a monotone that tells me nothing! What is wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong."

"Yes, there is. I know you better than that! I know your weaknesses, and strengths. I know what you hate, and love and I know when you are lying."

"Name one."

"One what?"

"One of my weaknesses, on strength, one thing I can't stand, and one thing I love."

"Oh, that's easy. You love Lily, you, however, hate her husband and son. A weakness, watching other boys talk to me, and stay pleasant. And a strength, you are an exceptionally good kisser." Channy smirked at him.

Severus couldn't argue with her. She was right, about everything. Except one thing that caught his attention, instead of saying he loved her, she said Lily.

"I didn't know if it was safe you love me, I know you've said many times, but love and care for can get mixed up, I know." Channy admitted, answering his unspoken question.

"It is safe to say that I love you, very safe."

"I don't know why you were mad at me, though."

"I truthfully didn't want you to tell anyone about us kissing."

"Hermione won't tell a soul, let's just hope no one else is smart to figure it out." Channy said.

Severus was hesitant to forgive her, he wasn't big on the whole forgiving thing.

Channy walked over to him and looked at him for a moment. And she lightly pressed her lips to his, smiling as she did so.

"Am I forgiven?" She asked.

"Of course." He said, and quickly gently claimed her lips once again. They sat like that, unmoving for a while longer, before breaking apart, Channy smiled and rest her head on his shoulder.

"Now, we have a matter of business to tend to." She said finally, and looked up at him.

"And what is that?"

"Name one weakness, one strength, one thing I love and one thing I hate." She answered simply.

"You don't have a weakness, and your strength is everything. You hate wearing robes, and you love me." He said, lovingly.

Channy blushed deeply, and smiled. "Be careful, Professor, your kindness is showing." She said playfully.

"As long as there is no one around to watch." He smirked back.

"Then I'll close my eyes." Channy said with a chuckle and she rested her lashes on her cheeks and smiled. She felt a deliciously coffee scented breath tickle her nose, she smiled wider, but kept her eyes closed. Severus pushed his lips against hers softly. Channy slowly wrapped her arms around his neck. And they sank into bliss. It was all perfect for the two. Everything was in it's place, Hermione had grown on the idea of Channy and Severus. Since he was practically her father, he wouldn't dare hurt her. Severus was opening up to Channy, letting her see more of the real him that she hadn't seen, the side he had kept locked up since Lily died. And Harry and Ron were completely oblivious.

This wasn't what she had pictured she would be like when she was five, but she wouldn't have it any other way. She loved who she was, she loved her life. No fancy metaphors or long confusing words that she had heard other people use, she was completely happy with everything that was happening in her life.

There was only one thing that could ruin it, and Channy didn't even know what it was, but by the end of the year she would, and Harry would be the one getting into it.

A/N: Ok, this is my last update for a while, I'm still going to continue, but I'm going to camp, then I will come home pack for a mini vacation, and I will take my laptop, and hope the hotel has free WiFi, if it is doesn't then I will write the chapter and post it when I get home. Sorry that I have to make you guys wait. Check out my other story I just posted last night, it only has two chapters so far, but I want to know what you guys think. Love y'all!

A/N: I'M BACK! And thank God, I loved camp, thank you for asking, it was probably the best thing that has ever happened to me! I am happy to be home, and you have no idea all the ideas I got for this story. So, let's get to the story!

Channy talked happily with Ginny and Hermione in the Great Hall. Ginny was quite talkative when it was just the girls, but whenever Harry came by, she went dead silent. Channy and Hermione then gave each other a evil smirk behind her back.

Ron and Harry were laughing about Professor Lockhart, Channy joined their conversation without delay, laughing her bell like laugh along with them.

"Professor Lockhart is a wonderful professor." Hermione cut in.

"I guess, if all the halfway decent professors in the world die out, he will be considered an okay professor." Channy said with perfect seriousness. Hermione turned red, and turned away. This made Ron laugh very loudly.

"Mr. Weasley, keep your laughter on a quieter level." Said a drawl from behind him, Channy smiled happily at the voice, Ron, however shuddered. Channy giggled, and Severus gave her a swift look, that sent a pleasant shiver down her spine. Hermione eyed the two of them carefully, a smile threatening to form, however Hermione turned away before it did. Harry gave Hermione a strange look, and tried to see what she did, but didn't see anything. Channy looked at Hermione again, they both rolled their eyes. Channy was both humored at the fact he didn't notice anything different, but also relieved. Severus stalked away, and Channy stared after him.

"Girls are weird." Ron said to Harry. They both laughed and nodded.

"And this is coming from you?" Channy asked, with a quick smirk.

"Hey!" Ron said.

"Ronald, did you not hear Professor Snape, keep it down." Channy said, smiling devilishly.

"You know, sometimes I wonder if you were supposed to be in Slytherin." Harry said.

Channy just laughed.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Channy knocked on Severus' office door with a roll of parchment in her hand. Severus opened the door, and took Channy's hand and just led her inside. He closed the door, and smiled at her. "And to what do I owe this pleasure?" He asked sweetly, considering there was no one else around.

"I don't have a very good excuse, but here it goes, the common room is too loud, and Fred and George are in the library. Pathetic, right?"

"I will take any excuse I can get." Severus said, giving her a quick peck on the lips, then decided that it wasn't enough, and kept his lips on hers longer, before, very reluctantly, pulling back. Channy sat back on her heels, and looked blankly at the ceiling for a moment before saying: "Boys are so stupid." and she furrowed her brow.

"And why is that?" Severus asked, an amused smile playing on his lips.

"Ron and Harry, it's just...I truly don't want them to find out about our relationship, but how can they be so thick and not see it. It is completely plain we have feelings for each other, and they somehow always seem to miss it. It drives me mad!"

"If you don't want them to find out, why does it bother you so much?"

"Because, they're my best friends, I don't want to tell them, because they will tell me how stupid it is, but I can't help but think how much easier it would be if I did."

"It wouldn't be easier, love. It would just be harder than it already is."

Channy smiled when he called her 'love'. She couldn't help it, she just loved the sound of it. She loved that it was his words, coming from his mouth, she loved that it was his voice, and that he was calling her 'love'.

"I like the sound of that." Channy said, looking into Severus' eyes. It was odd, because whenever anyone else looked in them they saw a barren wasteland, they saw nothing. But when Channy looked in them, she saw life, she saw happiness, she saw fireworks, she saw who he truly was, and who he truly was, was only meant for Channy's eyes.

Severus leaned in to kiss her once more. He claimed her lips with his. God, how he loved her. It seemed impossible to believe that anyone couldn't love her. Out of everyone, she had chosen him to be hers. And he loved it, he loved that he was hers, he loved the fact that she owned him, body and soul. He wanted to be nobody's but hers. She pulled away, and turned slightly pink.

"I have homework to do. Do you have a quill I can borrow?" Channy asked, heading towards his desk.

"Of course, it's one of the drawers in my desk." Severus replied.

Channy skipped gracefully over to the desk, and searched through the drawers. She found one, cluttered with old Daily Prophets. Channy smiled to herself. And took out some of the papers. She had seen most of the headlines before, the one about someone breaking into Gringotts last year. Nothing to special. She dug to the bottom, and there was one that she had never seen before, it was dated back to when she was almost 3 years old. The headline was 'Couple Dies in Azkaban' Channy read it, interested. No names were given, there was a picture of a young couple though, at the end of the article. She remembered these people, she remembered more than she had ever wanted to.

Her parents.

"Severus." Channy said, in a threatening tone. Her eyes were filled with fire, she clutched the newspaper with white knuckles.

Severus looked at Channy, he truthfully was scared. He had seen the Dark Lord himself, and a 12 year old girl was scaring him. He almost laughed at himself.

She threw the newspaper at him, it hit him in the face. "Is there something you forgot to tell me?" She asked, anger spilling from her voice.

Severus didn't answer.

"Severus, answer me!" She demanded, her voice raising.

"I didn't forget." He admitted, waiting for what was next to come. As she grew, so did her fiery.

"SO YOU LIED TO ME ALL THESE YEARS!" Channy screamed.

"I did it for your own good. Understand that." Severus yelled back.

"YOU DON'T LIE FOR SOMEONE'S OWN GOOD. UNDERSTAND THAT!" Channy said at the top of her voice. "YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT THEY LEFT ME TO GET MORE MONEY, YOU NEVER SAID THEY DIED, NEVER ONCE DID YOU SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT! YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE HOW I FEEL ABOUT THIS!" Channy said, tears filling her perfect eyes. She looked away, and tried to blink them back, but they spilled over anyway. Severus walked up to attempt to comfort her. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

"GET OFF ME YOU, YOU LYING ASS!"

Channy ran from the room, wiping tears from her cheeks. She continued to cry, her sobs echoed in the empty corridors.

"Channy." She heard two voice call in perfect unison. She turned away, her braid hitting her in the face. Tears continued to soak her face, but she still smiled at the Weasley twins.

"Hullo." Channy said, attempting to sound cheery, but it was a waste of her time, and she continued to sob.

The twins didn't even bother to ask what was wrong, they engulfed her in a hug. And she cried, not for the parents she hardly knew, well that wasn't true, that was partly the reason, but mostly because everyone had lied to her. If they lied to her about this, who knows what else they were lying about.

"It's okay, Channy." Fred said, it was easy for Channy to tell their voices apart.

"Shut up, Fred. We don't know if it's okay."

Through Channy's tears, she laughed.

"I don't know if it will be okay, to tell the truth. It is pretty serious." Channy said, wiping her eyes. No tears came after that, little sniffles, maybe. Fred and George grasped Channy's hands and walked her back to the Gryffindor common room, saying things that made her laugh, the muttered the password to the Fat Lady, and stepped through the portrait. All faces turned to them. Channy searched the crowd, and found Hermione. All the tears suddenly came to her again, they poured onto her cheeks.

"We were doing so well." George groaned. Channy turned and gave them a small watery smile.

"Thanks, you guys helped." She said, but it was contradicted when more tears came. "'Mione, can I talk to you?" Channy asked, Hermione nodded rapidly and went up to their dorms. They sat on Hermione's bed, with the curtains pulled around them.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"Well I went to go see Severus, and I was looking for a quill and found a bunch of old Daily Prophets, and one showed my parents, because I can remember them, and it said they died, and no one ever told me that, they lied to me all these years, and Severus said it was for my own good, and I told him that you never lie to someone for their own good. Then I left and Fred and George caught up with me, and tried to help, and they did, a little. Then I came back, and everything came flooding into my mind again, and it made me cry. And...I just don't know what to do." Channy rushed the last sentence and flung her arms around Hermione's neck.

She sobbed into her shoulder. "He lied to me, they all did. How could they do that?" Channy asked, sitting back, trying to stop her tears. Hermione shrugged "A feeble attempt at protecting you, I suppose."

"Protect me." Channy scoffed. "That is not protecting me, that is keeping me in the dark." Channy said angrily. Hatred radiated off of her like perfume. She stormed downstairs, and marched to dinner with Ron and Harry wanting to know what happened, Hermione

hoping she didn't do anything rash, and Fred and George hoping she did.

"What the hell happened?" Ron asked for, what seemed like, the millionth time that night.

"I found out a secret."

"What secret?"

"They've been lying to me."

"Who?"

"The professors." Channy spit out the word acidly, and glared up at the head table. She glared with such intensity that she received many confused looks from the professors. She just rolled her eyes and looked away. She looked at professor more than any. She glared at him with such anger in her eyes. He gave her one of his special looks, that usually sent a shiver up her spine, a pleasant one. Channy just stuck her nose on the air. She looked over at Fred and George, whispering, and laughing.

Channy spared one more glance at the head table, before pushing away from her seat. She marched up the steps straight to Professor Snape.

"Miss Georges, I don't believe you are supposed to be up here." He said.

"I'm sorry, Professor. It is urgent."

"Take your seat, Miss Georges."

The Great Hall fell silent, and watched the two of them. "No." Channy said, with an evil look in her eye.

"If it is so important, than please share."

"You lied to me."

"And what do you want me to do about it know, after it is all said and done?" Severus asked, with a smirk.

"I want you to go to hell." She snapped, and slapped him across the face. Everyone gasped.

"Miss Georges!" Professor McGonagall said. "Detention."

"Why! I have the right to slap all of you! You all lied to me since I was two and a half, you expect me to take this lightly, and sit and act as though nothing changed! Everything has changed! That is something you all seem to be missing! How can I trust any of you anymore? I can't can I?"

"We never lied to you."

Channy rolled her eyes.

"I'm not an oblivious anymore, I know that my parents died. I know you never told me about, instead you fed me lie after lie. How do I know everything you ever told me isn't a lie?"

"That's not true. We were protecting you, the truth hurts."

"I would rather be hurt by the truth, than protected by a lie."

"You're just saying that, it isn't true."

"Bull shit!"

"Miss Georges, that is quite enough!" Dumbledore said, speaking for the first time all evening. "If you would come to my office along with all the Professors after dinner, that would be splendid."

"Splendid, my butt." Channy spat, but went back to her table anyway. She huffed as she sat in between Harry and Ron. She saw George pass Fred a Sickle, and chuckled to herself.

After dinner she walked to Dumbledore's office with dragging feet. She sat down in a chair as the professors filed in.

"Now Channy, let us explain what was the motive behind our actions. We never wanted you hurt, it was wrong to lie to you, we understand that now. But knowing your parents died so young would've left you

scarred, and you wouldn't be the same person. We will never again hide secrets from you, when it is things you need to know."

Channy took this as a satisfactory apology, and nodded. "Since we are being honest here, I would just like to say, I found out when I was 8 that babies weren't made by a big giant bird, or whatever Hagrid told me, I found out the real reason."

Everyone's faces went blank, and red, even Dumbledore's.

"Well we might have a little chat about that tomorrow." Severus said, after a minute. He pulled her up from the chair, she said goodnight to everyone and she followed him to his office. He closed the door, and kissed her on lips, gently, but still with much force behind it. She kissed back for a moment, then pulled away, leaving Severus hanging.

"It's odd, whenever we fight, no matter how bad, we always make up very quickly." Channy said.

"It's because we are stuck to each other." Severus answered simply.

"Just like glue." Channy agreed, nodding. She kissed him again, then walked back to the common room.

"Just like glue." She repeated to herself, and nodded, knowing it was the truth.

A/N: Okay, please, please review! I know Channy was kind of bitchy in this chapter, and had a mouth on her, but think about it, if you found out the people who raised you lied to you most of your life, wouldn't you be like that, I know I would. Okay, and I finished the outline of the road, but I am most likely going to add side chapters that are just fluffy, or I feel I need to put in just to be fillers, but it looks like I have about 100 more chapters planned out. WOW, and like I said, there might be more, plus the 15 (now 16) I have up now. I am so happy. That is what I did the whole drive home from our vacation. Plan a little over 100 chapters. Your welcome! And Channy and Severus' last few words in this chapter were based off of Sugarlands new song "Stuck Like Glue." Check it out! And I have been thinking about making an online banner for this story, but I don't know how, and I now I want a free one, anyone know how? If

you do, please tell me, I really want to make a banner for this story.
Love y'all.

A/N: Thank you for all the reviews, I was so happy when I saw all of them. And it is sad, because my favorite marker, the one that I wrote almost the whole entire outline with, ran out of ink. I was so mad when it did! Ugh, even markers die! It is so frustrating!

Channy, over the next few days, couldn't help but notice how closely Dumbledore watched her and Severus. He never spoke of anything he may, or may not have seen. Whenever she caught him looking, she would just smile and wave innocently, she didn't do anything wrong, after all. At least, she didn't think she did anything wrong.

Channy sat in the common room one night, wishing Sunday could come faster. Hermione was doing homework next to her, and Harry and Ron were playing Wizard Chess. Ginny was off somewhere, she said she had to do something before curfew.

"Shouldn't you be doing homework?" Hermione asked. Channy rolled her eyes.

"I'll do it later."

"It is later." Hermione said, very worried that Channy wouldn't do it.

"Well then, after later!" Channy snapped, the last thing she wanted to do was her homework.

Then, Channy remembered something, after dinner she didn't say goodnight to Severus. She hopped off the couch and walked towards the portrait hole.

"Where do you think you're going?" Hermione asked.

"I forgot to do something. I'll be right back." Channy said in a rush. She practically ran to the dungeons, hoping he was still there. She ran into a softer stomach, she gasped and looked up into piercing blue eyes, hiding behind half moon spectacles.

"Professor, I'm sorry." Channy said quickly, wanting to leave this situation as quickly as possible.

"What are you doing down here at these late hours?" He asked, ignoring her apology.

"I forgot to tell something to Sev-Professor Snape."

"I take it, it is too important to wait until morning." Dumbledore said, it wasn't a question.

"No." Channy admits. "It can't wait." Dumbledore nods, and lets her pass.

The door opens before Channy gets a chance to knock. She steps back before smiling up at Severus.

"Yes?" He asks, but Channy knows that he knows why she's down here.

"I forgot to say goodnight." Channy said calmly.

"You never rushed down here when you forgot to say goodnight last year." Severus said with a small smirk, and a raise of his brow.

"Things have changed." Channy answered simply with a smile.

"And so they have." Severus nodded, he took Channy's hand and pulled her gently inside. She smiled up brightly up at him.

"How was your day?" He asked sweetly, taking both her hands in his.

Channy closed her eyes, it had become a joke between the two of them, whenever Severus treated her sweetly, which was always, she would close her eyes. Either briefly, or for a long period of time.

Severus chuckled, and kissed her forehead.

"My day was fine, thank you. How about your day?"

"Unbearably slow."

"That's always your answer." She said with a giggle.

"Because it is always the answer, and of course it goes by much too fast when I'm with you."

Channy turned slightly pink, but her smile grew.

"I think you should head back to your tower before I have to give you detention." He said with a smirk. Channy nodded, hating the fact he was right. Severus bent down to kiss her waiting lips. Channy wrapped her arms around his neck. His arms snaked their way around her waist. Channy pulled back after several wonderful moments.

"Goodnight, Severus." She smiled, and kissed him the cheek quickly.

"Goodnight, love." Channy's heart sped up when he said that. She walked out the open door and trotted happily back to the common room. Severus stood there, that girl would be the death of him, he just knew it, she could bring him to his knees.

"Now Severus, that was highly inappropriate." A calm voice said from the doorway. (A/N: I was going to stop here, but decided not to.)

"Dumbledore, I didn't know you were there."

"Now, Severus, you do realize how wrong that is, considering everything your life has, and might have to go through."

"I warned her, she said she didn't care."

"Come now, Severus. You must let go of this, it isn't right, and it could get her hurt, or killed."

"I know." Severus' head hung, and Dumbledore left without a word.

XxX

Severus couldn't sleep that night, he knew he wouldn't be able to let go of Channy. He knew she wouldn't let go of him. He had to try, for Channy's well being. He couldn't just let this slide.

The next morning Severus asked to speak to Channy privately after potions.

She happily stayed behind.

"What wrong?" She asked, her voice full of concern suddenly.

"How do you know something's wrong?"

"Are we really going to go through that again? I know you."

"You know, our secret relationship, it has to stop. It was a lapse in my concentration, it isn't right."

Channy gasped as tears filled her eyes. Her voice stayed strong. "I don't care what is, and is not right. I've passed that point a long time ago."

"Which is exactly what I was worried about."

"Alright, who found out?"

Severus hung his head in defeat, knowing he couldn't keep this from her. "Dumbledore." He muttered.

Channy groaned, and stomped out of his office. "Channy, come back."

"I'm busy!" She yelled back.

Channy burst through the door of Dumbledore's office.

"Hello Channy. How have you-"

"I love Severus, and I am going to keep loving him no matter what you think is and is not right." Channy said cutting him off.

"Well, does Severus think this is right?"

"He said no, but I know when he is lying, and he was lying. He loves me, and you can't stop loving someone, you either do, or you never did." Channy said.

"Fair enough, but you do realize how dangerous it is, Severus said he warned you."

Channy looked at the floor. "He did, but I truthfully don't care. I can't let go of him now that I have him." Channy turned on her heel. "Hope you understand, you can beg all you want, it won't shake me." She said with confidence, and she closed the door behind her.

Dumbledore chuckled quietly, he loved that girl, but he was scared for her, and of her. She could get probably anything she wanted, and she was very headstrong, she knew what she wanted. Dumbledore shook his head, and laughed once more.

A/N: I don't like this chapter much, sorry. I think it is pretty bad, OH I'm the new co-writer of 'Broken' by missnothingx, check it out, it is one of my favorite stories, and to help write it is an amazing honor. So it would be greatly appreciated if you read it. THANKS!

A/N: Sorry this has taken so long, I've been busy with school starting, as well as ballet, and church classes, and things of that nature. I feel bad, please forgive me.

Channy sat in potions, Hermione and her were nearly finished. Hermione pointed to a canister with the final ingredient. Channy, nodded, understanding, and grabbed it, handing it to her. Hermione nodded in thanks, and measured it, and poured it in the magenta liquid, which quickly turned into a deep green. Channy glanced at the board, making sure it was the right color, it was.

Severus walked around swiftly, observing everyone's work, a look of disapproval on his face. Channy frowned, she didn't like his expression, hard as a rock, his smirk planted firmly on his face. That thing wasn't going anywhere.

Hermione put the potion in the vial, and handed it to Channy for her to take it up to Severus. Channy took it happily, and walked carefully around the puddles of dripping potion. She handed it to Severus, their hands brushing ever so slightly, Channy tried to conceal her wide smile by biting her lips.

"You may go back to your seat, Miss Georges." Severus said almost coldly, but not quite.

Channy nodded and walked to her seat, sitting down slowly. Hermione shot her a relieved look. Severus didn't say anything bad about the potion, that was always Hermione's biggest worry.

"Don't worry." Channy mouthed. "I'm his favorite."

Channy laughed quietly. Hiding her face in her hand.

Everyone finished gradually. When the tables were cleaned up and everyone was walking out.

"Miss Georges." Was all Severus had to say to stop Channy dead in her tracks, and turn the opposite way. Her heart fluttering.

"Yes?" She asks, looking up sweetly at him. She checks behind her to make sure everyone had filed out of the room. She smiled when she saw no one was left.

"Do I get a goodbye?" Severus asked.

"I guess so."

"You guess?" Severus asked, smirking.

"Professor McGonagall would never forgive me if I was late." Channy said, teasing him.

"I think I can get her to forgive you." Severus said. Channy smiled and stood on her toes to push her lips lightly to his. She circled her arms around his neck.

"Thank you." Severus whispered.

"Anytime." Channy smirked, reaching up and kissing him on the cheek.

"I'll hold you to that." Severus said, his eyes softened for a moment, before letting her walk out of the classroom.

"See you tonight." Channy promised on her way out. Severus smiled, and opened up his top drawer, that is where he kept everything that reminded him of Channy. Channy had found this drawer long ago, when she was about seven, and often gave Severus things that he would put in the drawer. There was a picture of him and her in Florida, and she had asked him to keep her stuffed animal dragon had spikes on it's tail and was blood red, Channy fell in love with it when she saw it when she went shopping with Minerva in a Muggle shop. She named it Snowflake, and it was a boy.

There was a picture of her when she was five, and her curls bounced and her dimples cut into her face, and her piercing green eyes were in a squint and her nose scrunched up, the way she would smile when she was younger, and she giggled happily. Severus almost missed it, then reminded himself of the beautiful smile he had now.

He also had a note she wrote him once when she was six, it was the age where when she was mad, she would write notes to Severus and he write back and then stick it under her door. It always made him laugh when he walked by her door and there was a piece of

paper in front of her door. Her hardly legible scrawl all over the page. He pulled out that particular one.

"When can I come out?" Channy had written, of course almost all the words were spelt wrong.

"When I feel you have been in there long enough." Severus had written back.

"You are mean." Channy wrote with a mean stick man after. She had an arrow pointing to the stick man and said "That's you."

Severus didn't write back after that, which disappointed young Channy greatly. Then he picked up the very last thing he had in the drawer that was hers.

"Be happy!" She had written only a week ago, and she signed her name after with the usual heart at the end, and she drew a smiley face in the corner. Severus smiled at those two words, which seemed to magically make him happy.

"That girl." He muttered, and closed the drawer as the students filed in.

XxX

Channy trotted to catch up to Harry, who surprisingly, wasn't that far in front of her.

"Hey Harry! Wait up!" She called, waving wildly as he turned around. He was a deep red, and waited for with a look of surprise on his face.

"Hi." She said, breathless from running. "C'mon let's go catch up with Ron and Hermione."

"Why don't we just walk together, you and me." Harry suggested.

Channy shrugged. "Alright, whatever you say."

Harry started to walk slower, and Channy didn't walk ahead of him.

"What's on your mind?" Channy asked.

"I saw you." Harry uttered.

"Explain." Channy said simply.

"You and Snape. I saw you two."

Channy understood now, and she turned a deep crimson. "I don't know what you mean."

"I know that's a lie. I saw you two, with my own eyes."

"Oh, Harry, don't tell, please." Channy begged, looking at him pleading eyes.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I don't want it to hurt him. He would get made fun of, and humiliated. I couldn't bare if that happened, and I don't really want that to happen to me either." Channy said, looking up at Harry.

"Who else knows?" Harry asked, looking in front of him.

"Hermione and Dumbledore. That's it." Channy said.

"I'm not going to tell, I'm going to try to talk you out of it. I hope you know that."

Channy nodded.

XxX

In the common room that lovely Friday evening, Channy was just finishing her homework for Herbology, and planning on walking down to the dungeons to say goodnight to Severus.

She pulled her sweater on over her pajama's, Her sweatshirt, which was rather large, covered her shorts. She zipped it up, and covered her tank top that said 'Disneyworld' on it in black letters and had Mickey Mouse next to it, the shirt was white. She slipped on her purple converse over red knee-high socks that had Santa's all over them. Her hair was in a messy bun, she decided she looked fine and walked down to the dungeons. She passed Harry on her way down.

"Where were you at dinner?" She asked.

"Lockhart's." Harry said with disgust. Channy laughed. "Where are you going?"

"To go say goodnight to Severus." Channy said sheepishly. Harry nodded.

"Have you ever stopped and thought about how much older he is, and how if you guys ever decided to have sex you would have to be over 17." Harry said.

Channy turned a slight pink. "I would've waited that long to have sex anyway." Channy said. "And I have thought about how many years apart we are, and I have said many times how much I don't care. Why can't everyone get that? I. Do. Not. Care."

"Okay, okay, I get it." Harry said, and walked the rest of the way to the common room.

Channy skipped to Severus' office and knocked. Severus didn't keep her waiting at the door, he opened it quickly and motioned her in. He chuckled at her outfit.

"Oh, shut it." She told him, smiling slightly. Then her smile turned into a frown.

"What is it, love?" Severus asked.

"Harry knows. I didn't tell him, he saw us after class, and I don't want you getting mad at him. Do you understand?" Channy said staring at her hands.

Severus didn't say a word, and Channy knew he was mad.

"I won't be more or less pleasant to him than I already am." Severus said through gritted teeth.

"Thank you." Channy smiled, and reached up to pull him down to her. She pressed her lips to his. He lifted her up off the ground and spun her once before gently placing her back down.

"I have to get back." Channy said, turning to the door, before turning around again.

"I love you." She said, her eyes burning with sincerity and innocence. The beauty from within shined through and made her beauty from the outside even more vibrant.

And that broke him down. Those three words passed through his lips, in that exact order, and he said what he was feeling, the truth.

"I love you."

A/N: So what do you think? Sorry for the wait, again, and I know this isn't the best chapter ever, BUT it is something right? Please tell me what you think and check out the story I have just finished co-writing with missnothingx 'Broken' and it's sequel 'Bursting at the Seams' which we are working on now. Love y'all! And thanks for being patient.

: I am surviving school! Thank God! I now have so many more things inspiring me, causing new ideas to pop in my head. I'm having so much fun writing this, thank you for reading, maybe you could leave a review of two also, that would be AWESOME!

The first half of the school year had gone by in a blur. Everything was going together like a movie in fast forward. Channy had grown considerably in six months. Her hair had lightened only slightly, it had been cut twice to her shoulders, but it grew to her mid back again. Her face had more of a mature look to it, but also had a hint of recklessness, and she was still a flirt, but she mostly flirted with Severus. Her eyes were still a piercing green, that melted Severus to a puddle, so of course she had quite an advantage whenever they argued.

Her hips had grown more, making her look more curvy, and older than twelve. Her chest had grown considerably, too, though Severus tried his best not to notice that too much. She was smart, so incredibly smart, and she had such a good heart, and sense of humor. She was such a tease as well, but in the best way possible. She was perfect in everyone's eyes, with a few exceptions. Slytherins for instance, didn't give a damn, so couldn't see how perfect she was. Channy thought she had some faults, she didn't want everyone to see them, but what she thought were quirks, were usually reasons Severus, if no one else, loved her.

But as the year progressed, Harry tried to talk Channy out of loving Severus, thinking it was some sort of deal she can be convinced out of. She stood hard as a rock, wavering slightly when someone pushed her too hard, only to roll right back into place.

Harry had gotten himself wrapped up in another little adventure. Channy wanted to know everything that was going on, but Severus denied her information, and Harry just didn't want to explain things to her in full detail.

Channy stuck to doing her own thing, getting little pieces of information when she could. She was trying to piece this puzzle together, with little success. Harry didn't want her to go with them to the Slytherin common room, she did refuse to help brew the potion because it meant stealing from Severus, but she still could've helped them.

Channy didn't dwell too much on the fact that she wasn't as informed as everyone in their little group seemed to be, she had Severus, and on occasion Ginny, though she was acting odd, and Fred and George when Harry, Ron and Hermione were doing their own thing. Channy thought she could've helped them, but didn't argue too much.

She kept her part of the plan flawlessly, not to tell Severus what they were up to, she felt like she was contributing by holding her tongue and giving them bits of information when they needed it.

Then one night, over Christmas Harry and Channy were in the common room, talking.

"Channy, I seriously think you need to stop dating Severus."

"Really? I haven't noticed." Channy giggled. "Harry, if we aren't meant to be, then I will stop. I swear, but he makes me so happy to even think about us not being perfect for each other."

"I can list reasons. He's way too old, more than twice your age."

"So, age is just a number." Channy said, scowling at the fire, not wanting to avert her gaze to Harry.

Harry ignored this, and kept going. "He hates me, along with everyone else."

"He doesn't hate me." Channy shot back quickly, defensively.

"He sure doesn't act like it, in class, he treats you like everyone else, and when you two are fighting, it sure does get ugly."

"Well that is when we fight, everyone's fights get ugly once a while, and as to in class, well we can't have everyone knowing if he talks to me the way he does in private. He is very sweet to me, in his own way, he hardly ever takes points off by my doing, and he always gives me the look that makes me happy for the rest of the day. And-

"Alright, I've heard enough." Harry said with disgust, and that was the last Harry and Channy spoke on the subject for a very long time.

Hermione, along with most other Gryffindors, had gone home for Christmas. There were very few people left at Hogwarts, but for the few that were, the flu was spreading like wild fire.

As Channy's flu was fading, Severus was becoming horribly sick.

"You have to see Madam Pomfrey." Channy told him quietly one night when she was looking after him. She dabbed his over heated forehead with a cold rag.

"I'm fine." Severus tried to convince her in a horribly rough voice. Channy winced.

"Yes, you're fine, that's exactly why you can hardly talk, and cough every minute, and are over 100 degrees." Channy shot back in a whisper.

"I don't cough every minute, you are over exaggerating." He said in a hoarse voice, as if to prove him wrong, he coughed a loud sick cough that made Channy shudder, that was her no more than a week ago.

"Please, you sound simply awful, and look worse."

"Thank you." Severus scowled.

"Don't take your anger out on me, I'm trying to help you."

"I just need rest." Severus urged.

"No, you need Madam Pomfrey, she will make you better in no time." Channy said, getting up from his bed, to wet the rag again, and placed it on his forehead.

"Please, stop taking care of me, you'll catch it again." Severus said, ignoring what Channy had just said.

"And if I do, I'll go Madam Pomfrey, and I'll be all better again." Channy said.

"She has enough to deal with, I'm a grown man, and I can take care of myself."

"Yes, but your condition worries me. I've never seen anyone have a worse cold."

"You haven't seen many colds, you're only twelve."

"And a half." Channy said stiffly. "I'm going to go get Madam Pomfrey. Don't move." Channy announced, standing up. She gave him a glance, daring him to argue, daring him to make a dangerous escape.

She walked calmly out of his room, then ran to the hospital wing. She knocked on the door. She heard Madam Pomfrey mumbling as she walked to the door. The door swung open.

"Oh, hello dear. What can I do for you?" She asked.

"Severus is sick. Really, really sick." Channy said.

"Well, so is everyone else. I'm sure he is just as bad as you were."

Channy shook her head rapidly, catching the door, as Madam Pomfrey tried to close it. "No, he is worse, so much worse." Channy said in a rush, grabbing her hand.

Madam Pomfrey knew she would lose this argument, so she came with Channy. It seemed odd to her that Channy didn't even knock, and just walked into Severus' room. What if he had been . . . Indecent? Madam Pomfrey wondered.

Channy sat down on the bed next to him, taking the rag off his head, and wetting it down again before placing it on his head.

"Well, Severus you seem to be in good hands." Madam Pomfrey said with a smile. Channy looked over her shoulder, shooting her a smile, but also a pleading look.

Madam Pomfrey walked over to Severus' side, she put her hand on his head. "Very warm." She muttered.

"He has a cough too, and can hardly talk." Channy informed.

"Really? Can you talk?" She asked.

Severus nodded.

"Well, let me hear it, then." Madam Pomfrey crossed her arms across her chest.

"I'm fine." Severus croaked. She shook her head.

"High temperature, hoarse voice, and a cough, too." She said with disapproval. "You really must take more care of yourself. Your immune system isn't all it used to be."

Madam Pomfrey searched in the pocket of her apron, and pulled out a tiny blue vile.

"Take this, you'll be feeling better in no time." She assured.

"I feel fine now." Severus tried to convince them.

Channy shook her head. "No, you don't, you're just trying to make it sound like you're not. Take it." She looked at him, and his heart stopped, he took the potion from Madam Pomfrey.

"Now let him rest. He'll be feeling back to normal tomorrow." Channy nodded, and walked out of the room.

"What did you mean, his immune system isn't all it used to be?" Channy asked, as soon as the door closed.

"Oh, he's just getting older, it's still good, and will keep him alive, but he needs to make sure he doesn't get to sick."

"Oh, please don't say that!" Channy begged, covering her ears.

"Say what, dear?"

"That he is getting older, he isn't that old." Channy said in frustration.

"No, that is true, but he needs to keep healthy for when he is old, it will be better in the long run, which will come faster than you think."

"He's only 30! Why does everyone think he is older?"

"He looks older than he really is. Mostly because of that scowl he wears all the time. Before you know it, he's going to be my age." Madam Pomfrey smiled, and walked away.

"No, no, no. He can't get any older, he just can't." Channy complained in whisper on her way back to the common room.

"Who can't get any older?" A voice asked from behind her. Channy spun around, seeing Ron, jogging to catch up with her.

"Nothing. No one." Channy said hurriedly.

Ron gave her a strange look. "Where've you been all day?" He asked.

"Sev-Professor Snape was sick, and I was helping him."

"Why are you helping that old dungeon bat?" Ron asked in disgust.

"You know he practically raised me." Channy said to him, trying so hard to keep the nervousness out of her voice.

"You didn't spend this much time with him last year." Ron noted, Channy looked over at him, it was shown clearly in his face that he was thinking.

"Oh, well, that was a mistake. I missed him too much." Channy said, but it was a very said attempt to lie.

"No, you didn't. You're hiding something." Ron accused.

"Yes, yes I am hiding something. I'll admit it. I am spending more time with Snape this year because..." Channy trailed off, trying to find a way to finish that sentence.

"You are getting information out of him for us." Ron suggested, sounding hopeful.

Channy thought it was good enough. "How did you know?" She asked. Ron shrugged.

Ron walked happily the rest of the way to the common room. They walked through the portrait hole, and Ron ran over to Harry.

"Harry, I figured it out, I know why Channy's been spending so much time with Snape!" Ron exclaimed. It was just Harry in the common room.

"She told you?" Harry asked, sending a confused look at Channy.

"Yeah."

"That's weird, I had to figure it out. Don't you think it's wrong, and that she should stop?" Harry asked, Channy glared at him, then realized the boys were talking about two different things.

"Um...." Channy said loudly, but they kept at it.

"No, it is helping us, who cares if it's wrong?" Ron said.

"How is her dating Snape helping us?" Harry asked. Channy rolled her eyes in frustration.

"You're dating Snape!" Ron asked incredulously.

Channy was cornered, all she could do was nod and look hopeless.

A/N: HEY! Hope you liked it, and please leave a review. Thanks you guys! Oh, and for all you 'We Both Love Her' fans out there, I'm almost done with the next chapter, full apology in that chapter. REVIEW REVIEW! Reviews make me smile! And you should all love making me smile! Sorry for the short chapter as well.

Why? Why hadn't she spoken up? Why hadn't she stopped them earlier? Now her life was going to be hell. Ron just wasn't as understanding as Harry and Hermione, and Dumbledore.

"Look, it isn't that bad-" Channy tried to convince him.

"Isn't that bad! You are going out with Snape!"

"Lower your voice." Channy begged.

Ron went quiet, he was obviously pissed.

"Please, you're overreacting." Channy said, standing up a little straighter.

"Overreacting? Wouldn't you act the same if you found out I was going out with Snape?"

"Yes, because you hate him, and that would mean you are gay. I don't hate him, I could never hate him, and this doesn't show that I am gay, this shows that I know that age is just number."

Ron didn't respond to this. He was trying to think of a comeback.

"You would overreact if you found out I was going out with McGonagall."

"Not if you truly loved her." Channy retorted, getting sick of this conversation, Harry had tried to change her mind to many times before, she had heard it all before. Ron made a disgusted face.

"I may only be twelve, but you'd be surprised what I know about love, and such." Channy said, turning on her heel to go upstairs. She turned swiftly to face the boys again. "Ron, please don't tell anyone."

Channy ran down the corridors, trying to keep up with Harry and Ron and Lockhart, failing miserably. As they swept into the bathroom, Harry turned and whispered to Channy: "Keep watch."

Channy nodded, feeling odd, because she had been left out of this for the most part, and all of the sudden, being thrown into Harry's adventure. Channy stuck her head out around the corner. She saw Severus stalking towards the bathroom.

Ah, hell.

She stepped out of the bathroom, and into Severus' path.

"Channy, what are you doing out of the Gryffindor common room? You have a bathroom in your dormitory." Severus said, a little shocked, but covered it well, only Channy could see it.

"Well, Lavender and Pavarti are horribly sick, and so I came down here to go to the bathroom." Channy lied smoothly.

"Well, if your roommates are putting your health at risk, then you can sleep in your other dorm, the one next to mine. You can go." He said dismissing her, he knew something was going on, and wanted to get to it.

"Oh, Severus, will you walk me there? I'm so scared of the castle at night." Channy said in a rush.

"You've lived here your whole life, and never been scared of the castle at night, what's gotten into you?" Severus scoffed.

"Due to the recent events, I've been much more jumpy, and nervous. Could you please just walk me back?" Channy said, desperately grabbing onto his arm.

Severus looked down into her wide eyes, searching his face for any hint of approval. How could he refuse her when he loved her so?

"I'll walk you to your room, love." He said, and turned to the other direction, not before sneaking another look into the bathroom.

"What are you looking at?" Channy asked with a small chuckle.

"Nothing, I just thought something." Severus said, looking back to Channy, her side bangs hanging over her right eye. Her emerald eyes were soft and melting. She smiled, and her dimples cut deep into her cheeks, Severus smiled to, it probably wasn't half as attractive as her smile, but he couldn't push it back when it crept onto his face. She was wearing a black sweatshirt, and hot pink short bed shorts, with knee high rainbow socks, and purple high-tops.

She was always so mismatched, Severus smiled again.

"What?" Channy asked, a smile growing on her face again.

"You." Severus said simply.

"What about me?" Channy asked worriedly.

"You are just beautiful, that's all."

A deep red crept onto Channy's cheeks as she smiled widely.
"Thank you," She said happily.

When they reached the teachers dorms, Severus walked Channy quickly to her room. She took off her shoes, and sweatshirt, revealing a lime green tank top, and she put her hair into a messy bun. Severus waited for her to get in bed before he returned to the bathroom.

He was about to close the door, when he heard Channy's nervous voice.

"Severus, could you stay with me a while, I'm so scared."

"You shouldn't be, you'll be safe. It isn't like you to be scared." Severus commented.

"Well, I am. I am tired, please just stay with me until I fall asleep." Channy begged, Severus looked at her, her green eyes cutting him like a knife. He knew she wanted that to happen, she always made her eyes look like that when she wanted something bad. It had been the result of getting spoiled rotten her whole life, or maybe she just used it on him because she knew he couldn't refuse them.

Either way, he went to go sit next to her.

"Are you really that scared?" Severus asked, sitting on the bed, and grabbing her exposed hand, rubbing his thumb on the back of it.

"That is partly it, but I haven't spent a lot of quality time with you lately." Channy said, closing her eyes, but peeking up at Severus from behind her lashes.

"This isn't going to be quality, because you are going to be sleeping." Severus said sternly.

"Well, when I'm not sleeping, it is quality time." Channy countered.

"Must you argue?" Severus with a roll of his dark eyes.

"I wouldn't argue so much if I could refuse bickering with you, but I just can't, it's too much fun to tease you." Channy smiled.

"Go to sleep."

"I'm too scared to go to sleep." Channy complained, opening her eyes.

"I could leave." Severus suggested.

"No! No, stay, please."

"Then go to sleep." Severus commanded, kissing her hand.

"Ok." Channy said in a quiet voice. "I love you."

No matter how many times she said that to Severus, he would always be shocked, hearing those three words come from her mouth, knowing that she could very easily be saying that to anyone else, anyone younger, better looking, kind, just better all around, but she was saying it to him, the thought made him feel young again.

"I love you too." Severus said.

Channy stayed quiet and still for several minutes, feeling Severus' loving gaze on her. She smiled, and gripped his hand tighter, not wanting to let him go, not only for Harry and Ron, but for her own selfish reasons.

She heard Severus chuckle when she did that, he left a few minutes later, walking quickly out of the room.

Channy shot up, and slipped on her shoes, and jamming her sweatshirt over her head, and ran out of the room after him. She saw a light coming from a wand. She pushed herself to run faster. It was Severus.

"Severus, you nearly gave me a heart attack." Channy gasped.

"You're supposed to be sleeping." Severus said, surprised to see her, he was sure she was asleep.

"I was, then I woke up, and you weren't there, and I got so scared."

Severus looked at her, flushed, and breathing heavy.

"Come on, love. You need to sleep, and if I have to stay up all night to make sure you get just that, I will." Severus said, grabbing Channy's hand, and walking back to the teacher's dorm.

Channy felt as if she did good for Harry and Ron, and she wondered idly how they were doing. Were they in trouble? Worse, were they dead? Channy tried to shake the thought off. Now, they were alive, they had to be! She walked nervously next to Severus, grabbing his hand tightly.

"You alright, love?" He asked.

"Peachy." Channy mumbled.

A/N: Alright, so I know it was a long wait, and a very unimpressive chapter, and I apologize. I've gotten my other story up and going again, with some help, and I've been focusing on that, so this, and my other story ended up on the backburner, and I'm sorry. I hope you guys can forgive me, but HEY this is chapter 20! YAY! Can you guys tell me what your favorite chapter was? Just for the hell of it? Thanks, Love y'all and God bless.

Channy sat in the Great Hall with a heavy heart. This was the last supper of second year. It had all gone by so fast she didn't even realize what was happening. So much had changed since the welcoming feast not such a very long time ago.

She sighed, and didn't try to cover her sadness as her eyes searched the crowd, and inevitably made their way to Severus' face. No longer troubled, well no longer troubled to the extent it had been. Channy had learned that though she felt she had a right to know the things troubling Severus' mind, in reality, she didn't.

Dumbledore spoke of the events of the year, and handed out last minute points, but all Channy was really paying attention to was her own thoughts. Everything that year was a flurry of activity and Channy only understood what was going on half the time, though even when she did know what was going on, she didn't fully understand it, and found herself utterly confused. She tried to piece everything together in her mind, to make it all fit, and make sense.

Then Hermione walked in. There were not words to describe how much Channy missed her best friend. She ran to her, and wrapped her in a crushing hug.

"Don't ever pull a stunt like that again, you hear me." Said Channy sternly, but in the most affectionate way possible.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to." Hermione said, smiling at her friend.

"You should've seen Channy when we went into the Chamber of Secrets, she stalled Snape like, like it was her job." Ron exclaimed.

"It was my job, my only job, and one I was quiet good at." Channy laughed.

"Well no one could've stalled him like you did." Ron said, ruffling Channy's hair. Channy smiled brightly at him.

"That's only because no one else knows him like I do. I know exactly what to say so that he can't say no. It is one of my talents." Channy shrugged, fixing her hair, well trying to, before giving up and throwing it up in a high pony tail.

"That's true, but I think it also has to do with the fact he hates everyone else." Harry pointed out.

"Harry, though he seldom shows it, he doesn't hate everybody." Channy said with a sigh, putting a piece of chicken in her mouth.

"I have a hard time believing that." Ron said, looking at Channy like she was crazy.

"Well of course you have a hard time believing that." Channy said, laughing a little.

Ron just rolled his eyes, and turned his attention back to his food. Fred and George were sitting across from them not listening to their conversation, much to Channy's relief. They were very smart given the fact that they hardly ever studied, and a situation like this would not be hard for them to figure out if given enough clues.

"So, what do you have planned for your summer?" Channy asked them, leaving behind her conversation with Ron, Harry, and Hermione.

"Not sure yet, we will tell you when we see you next year." Fred said. Channy threw back her head and laughed.

"What about you?" They asked in unison.

"Probably just wondering around the castle I highly doubt that Sev-Professor Snape is going to put up with Disneyworld again, or any other Muggle attraction."

"Ah, that's too bad, summer is supposed to be fun." Said George.

"I think I get my summer fun during the school year." Channy said with a small chuckle.

"That's just not right. You should come for a visit, I'm sure Ginny and Mum would be thrilled to have another girl in the house for a while."

"That would be great, but I'm afraid I would have a hard time convincing Professor Snape." Channy admitted sheepishly.

"C'mon, don't let the old dungeon bat keep you down." Fred said with a laugh.

"Please don't call him that. I mean he did raise me." Said Channy quietly.

"Of course." They laughed.

Then Channy heard a voice, that instantly brought a smile to her face.

"Sorry I'm late." Said Hagrid from the entrance of the Great Hall. Channy spun around, and Harry, Ron, Hermione and herself pushed off their seats in excitement, and went to hug the last piece that was missing. Everything was well at Hogwarts again.

A/N: I'm sorry, short filler chapter, I wanted to post something, so here it is! I'll get a longer chapter up soon, I hope. Please leave a review for me, they would be much appreciated.

The summer went by very slowly, and found a way to drive Channy insane in every possible way. Very few affectionate words were spoken between Severus and Channy. Very few private words were spoken at all, very few kisses were stolen, and they both seemed to be under the close watch of Dumbledore. They weren't doing anything wrong, right?

It was mid August when a Daily Prophet was sent to Severus.

"Sirius Black?" Channy asked, reading over his shoulder, and gasped as she read further. "Escaped Azkaban, that's impossible!"

"Obviously not for some people. I hope they catch him." Severus said grimly, folding the paper.

"Why, what did he do?" Channy asked, blowing on her steaming cup of tea.

"He is a mass murderer." Snape said from behind his coffee cup.

Channy's eyes went wide. "Who did he k-kill?" She asked, Severus smiled at her, almost seeming innocent.

"A sad excuse for a man, Peter Pettigrew, what's even worse is that those two were friends growing up."

"That's awful. Why did he kill that poor man?" Channy asked, abandoning her tea, wanting to drink up the information instead.

"You are not going to ask about this topic anymore." Severus said, almost stern.

"But what are they going to do to find him?" She asked, worried, her life could be on the line. If he killed a friend, think of what he would do to a stranger. That was all that could go through her head at the moment.

"They are searching for him, don't worry your pretty head about it. You're safe at Hogwarts." Severus assured, kissing her forehead.

Channy nervously took the paper, and read his description. "Severus, it says here that he is your age, did you know him growing up?" Channy asked, peeking over the top of the newspaper.

"We are done talking about this." Severus said, with a stiff nod.

"It is just a question." Channy shrugged, and read on, but Severus snatched the paper from her hands.

"What?" Channy asked, offended, reaching for the paper again.

"I don't want you to get worried." Severus said.

"No, let me read it." Channy whined.

"Whining will get you nowhere. Now the name Sirius Black is now forbidden, do you understand."

"You aren't my father." Huffed Channy, crossing her slender over her chest.

"I might as well be, now stop pouting, you are thirteen, pouting does not flatter you anymore."

"Maybe to some people." Channy smirked, and grabbed her tea cup again and sighed as she took a long drink from it.

Severus didn't respond, just smirked. This was one of the very few moment that Channy and Severus spent alone, and it was spent in a stubborn silence. Channy felt guilty afterwards for not talking, but there was nothing she could do about it now. Channy was happy that Severus still kissed her goodbye.

Channy searched the castle for a copy of the Daily Prophet, wanting to know what Severus wouldn't tell her, but she had a feeling what he wasn't telling her wasn't going to found in the Daily Prophet, but she searched despite her gut feeling.

She eventually made her way down to Hagrid's, and asked if he had today's Daily Prophet.

"Well o' course. Come on in." Hagrid welcomed.

Channy walked into his hut, and found a seat.

"I swear, you have grown two inches since I saw you last."

Channy smiled widely at him "Hagrid, I haven't grown a half an inch."

"Really? Wouldn't have guessed."

"Hagrid, do you think I could possibly read your copy of the Daily Prophet?" Channy asked.

"Why, don't you have Professor Snape's?"

"I do, but he doesn't want me to read it." Channy said with an angry huff.

"Well, I don't want to disrespect his wishes, so I am not going let you read it." Hagrid said firmly.

"Oh, he is just stubborn, and think it'll scare me, but it won't."

"I'm sorry, Channy, you will have to convince him of that."

Channy fought the urge to roll her eyes at him, he was doing what he thought was right. Fang then trotted slowly out of Hagrid's bedroom, and laid his slobbery face on Channy's lap. Luckily she wasn't wearing a long dress, so he didn't get her dress wet.

Her dress was strapless, and a dark grey and had blue polka dots all over it. It went to her mid thigh, and she wore her hair thrown carelessly thrown into a bun in the back. And she was wearing sparkly silver ballet flats. She didn't think she looked all that great, but Severus would've begged to differ if he heard her say that. But then again, he always thought she looked amazing.

"Is that all you came here for?" Hagrid asked. Channy felt guilty, she hadn't visited him in a while, and the man had spent a while in Azkaban, for Merlin sakes.

"No, I haven't seen you in a while."

Hagrid laughed a little. "I suppose that's true. So 'ow've you been?"

"Lovely. Summer is almost over." Channy said happily.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but don't most kids like summer?"

"Well, yes, but I miss my friends." Channy admitted quietly.

"Oh, I see. All the professor borin' ya?" Hagrid asked with a loud laugh.

"No, not really." Channy shrugged. "Speaking of Professors, who is going to take the Defense Against the Dark Arts job?" Channy asked.

"I'm not sure, I think it's a fellow with the name Lupin."

Channy nodded, the name not ringing a bell.

"And, uh, Dumbledore said I could be the Care of Magical Creatures professor." Hagrid said sheepishly, but a smile forming largely on his face.

"Really? Hagrid that's fantastic!" Channy exclaimed, making Fang jump.

"Thanks." Hagrid said. "I have some fun things in store for you."

"This makes me all the more excited for school. This is great news, Hagrid."

"I'm glad you think so. Not that I don't want you here, but I think you should be heading back. Or else, people will start to worry."

Channy smiled at Hagrid. "Alright, I'll see you soon. Goodbye, Fang." She said, patting the dog on the head before walking out of his hut.

O o O o O o O o

Channy rummaged through Severus' office drawers, but couldn't find what she was looking for. Today's Daily Prophet.

"Ugh, just like him." Channy groaned, rolling her eyes when she couldn't find it.

"Just like who?" Said a drawling voice, Channy slowly stood from behind his desk, but she wasn't nervous in the slightest.

"Oh, no one really." Channy said with a casually shrug. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be taking a shower, and getting to bed." She began to walk out of the room, when Severus caught her elbow.

"Not so fast." He said. "What were you doing in here?" He asked.

"I was looking for a Daily Prophet, as there is an unfortunate lack of them around the castle."

"Chandler Georges-" Severus started, not in a yell, but in a sharp voice, it wasn't his tone of voice that made her wince, it was that he used her full name. "I cannot believe you went behind my back to look for something I specifically told you not to!"

"I feel I need to know, this is important, and you can't keep the law from me."

"I'm not, you know what you need to know, see what Potter has done to you! You feel you need to know everything!"

"Harry, that's his name by the way, had nothing to do with this, so leave him be! You told me the bare minimum, and as you should know, the bare minimum isn't enough for me!"

"Well, now it has to be enough for you, this isn't something you can go sticking your nose into."

"I wasn't going to stick my nose into anything!" Channy defended. "This is important, and I should be informed about this!"

"I still have authority over you! I don't want you to know."

"Believe me, I'll get the details eventually from my meddling Gryffindors, so might as well tell me now!"

"I will choose what you do and do not know about the rest of the wizarding world." Severus said sternly.

"My life isn't up to you. I just want to know. You're overreacting!"

"Maybe I am, but I stand by my argument."

"And I stand by mine." Said Channy stubbornly, walking out of the room, and slamming the door to her dorm.

A/N: I'm sorry for the long waits and bad chapters. I'm sorry, I really don't mean to get caught up in everything, actually I'd rather I didn't get caught up in the drama, but I guess it is inevitable. *sigh* Thank you for reading, and being faithful viewers! Love y'all!

Channy couldn't deny, after she left Severus' office, she felt the whole thing was a silly misunderstanding. Just them failing, yet again, to see eye to eye. Nothing more, however, Channy continued her search, and found what she was looking for. She found all the information she needed to be satisfied. Severus knew more about the subject, but of course, he always did.

The sun was shining brightly that morning, it was late August, and Channy couldn't be happier. Her friends would be coming back in less than a week. She was so happy in fact, she dressed in the brightest yellow dress she had. It was satin, and looked like jumbled mess at the bottom. It was a sleeveless, and had a squared necked. Channy seldom ever wore this dress, mostly because she left it for special occasions, like birthdays, and when they went out, because it was so pretty.

Channy's hair was a mess anyway, so she just pulled it make into a messy ponytail, which, somehow, tied the outfit together, and she was contemplating putting on yellow flats, or yellow converse. She chose the converse in the end.

She skipped out of her room, and decided to see Severus. They didn't part on a good note last night, he was almost always mad at her since she read the article in the Daily Prophet. Channy didn't understand why, it was just an article that was written in a very well known paper, all her classmates were sure to have read it, why was it so bad that she did? True, Severus did tell her not to, but why?

Channy knocked twice on Severus' door.

"Come in." He shouted, she slipped in, and he was sitting at a desk, appearing to be taking notes on a book he had open in front him. His gaze flickered to Channy. "The occasion?" He asked dully.

Channy's shoulders dropped, she was expecting a little more of a reaction, this was his favorite dress, after all. Given the way he had been acting lately, she shouldn't have expected much though. "No occasion, I'm just happy today." Channy replied, but her voice held no evidence of what she had said.

"You're happy, are you?" He asked, not taking his eyes off his book, and he quill.

"Well I was." Channy mumbled.

"I'm sorry, did I ruin your mood?" Severus asked, bitterness in his voice.

"Actually, you did. I would've thought you were over your temper tantrum by now." Channy crossed her arms.

"Sorry to disappoint, love." He said grimly.

Channy rolled her eyes, and stormed out of the room, not sure why she entered in the first place.

! % & * ^ \$

Channy was walking down to Hagrid's, her eyes were closed, her feet knew the way well enough. The sun warmed her bare skin. The new term was on her mind. She was going to have a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, which she was looking forward too, hoping he was better than the two before him. It wouldn't be hard to be better than those two. And she was also going to have Hagrid as a teacher.

Then it all went cold, horribly cold, and dark, like the sun had been covered by a snow cloud. Channy pulled her lids apart, and saw two black, large, hooded creatures heading towards her.

Well, this can't be good, she tried to stay out of their way, but they got in her way personally.

"Excuse me." Channy uttered quietly. Then she felt light headed, and sad, what was happening?

She wasn't sure what they were doing to her, her brain was a jumbled mess. It reminded her of burglars searching through thousands of filing cabinets until they found what they wanted. Apparently, they wanted a lot.

Channy didn't know when she ended up on the ground, she didn't know how much more they could take from her, what they were taking she didn't know.

She couldn't will herself to speak, it didn't hurt, but she felt as if her life was being sucked out of her body.

"Channy! Channy!"

She thought she heard someone, maybe her imagination. She strained her ears to see if she could hear more, to her surprise she did.

"Expecto Patronum!"

She knew she was imagining things when she saw a silver doe out of nowhere, and charge towards the black hooded things, they glided away quickly. Then arms were supporting her neck, and the back of her knees.

"Do you know who you are?" Someone asked, Channy was still slightly dizzy, but felt better.

"Channy." She answered.

"Your full name?"

"Chandler Rose Eileen Georges." Channy mumbled, blinking, and everything starting to stand still, her eyes focusing on one thing.

The man in front of her.

"Who am I?"

"Severus Snape. My guardian, and potions master, and lover." Channy smiled. "I'm fine, really. What were those things?"

"Dementors." Severus answered. "Guards of Azkaban."

"Oh, yeah! Why are they here?"

"They are going to spend the school year with us, protecting us from Sirius Black. Dumbledore will not be happy to hear they attacked you."

"I'm fine though, slightly dizzy, but just need a quick nap and I'll be good as new."

"They shouldn't have attacked you at all." Severus fumed.

"Calm down, don't do anything rash. I'm fine. Seriously."

"You just got attacked by dementors, and you tell me not to do anything rash!"

"You worry too much." Channy rolled her eyes. "It wasn't that bad." She lied, remembering feeling the life getting sucked out of her. But she left that out for his sake, in fact, she would've rather not remembered it at all herself.

"Wasn't that bad? You are just saying that, lay down." Severus commanded.

"No! You are overreacting, like always."

Severus put a hand on her cheek, and gave her the eyes that no one saw but her. The eyes melted away his mean and nasty façade. "Can you blame me for overreacting?"

Channy smiled and looked around, taking in her surroundings. Severus' room, she found. She didn't know why he didn't take her to her own room, but didn't ask now.

"They had no right to attack you like that, you did nothing to harm them, or annoy them." Severus said firmly.

"Why did they attack me?" Channy asked, her almost overbearing curiosity bursting through.

"I suppose they needed some energy, and you were their source." Severus shrugged, "I am going to go find Dumbledore, stay here, and rest." He said, kissing her forehead, making Channy's cheeks grow hot. He left the room with a dramatic exit that made Channy giggle, it was the same sort of entrance he made to classes.

Channy was really fine now, she was no longer dizzy, and her head felt normal. Though, she did doze in and out of a light sleep for the few minutes Severus was gone.

When the door clicked open, Channy's eyes were half closed, but she perked up when three furious faces came in quickly.

Dumbledore was one. He was beyond angry, more angry than Channy had ever seen him. He kneeled beside her. "Are you alright, dear?" He asked, the anger in his face not matching the concern in his voice.

"I'm fine now, I think you are all overreacting." Channy said simply.

"Overreacting?" Said McGonagall from the corner. "You were attacked."

"Why is everyone saying that! I wasn't attacked." Channy exclaimed.

"She is just being brave." Severus said. "She was on the ground when I found her."

Channy shot him a reproachful look, and he shrugged slightly.

"Albus, should we contact Fudge?" McGonagall asked frantically.

"What good will it do? He isn't going to send them back to Azkaban, we need to protect the school."

"But, what about Channy?" Severus and McGonagall asked together, McGonagall a bit more worried, or sounding more worried, Severus could hardly contain his worry for Channy any longer.

"Her friends, and us teachers will have to keep a closer eye on her. You know how she likes adventure." Dumbledore said.

"Stop talking about me like I'm not sitting right here!" Channy raised her hand in the air, waving it around. "Because I am. I am right here."

"We know, dear, you have a uncommon amount of bravery that could potentially put you in danger, we are trying to save you from yourself." Dumbledore said, it seemed he had an unending amount of patience with her.

"Because I've never been put in danger before." Channy rolled her eyes. "It is endlessly frustrating being watched like I'm five."

"We are trying to prevent you from being put in danger again." Severus said sternly, no matter how he loved her, he was not nearly as patient as Dumbledore. "And maybe you wouldn't be watched as if you were five if you took better care of yourself."

"I take care of myself just fine!" Channy hopped off the bed.

"Not good enough if you are being attacked by dementors!"

"Maybe I wouldn't have left the castle if you hadn't ruined my good mood with your foul one! You are always so angry! And you have no idea how maddening that is!"

"Channy, maybe you need some rest." McGonagall suggested quickly, knowing if someone didn't stop it soon, there would be an argument to big for anyone to stop.

"Fine." She said angrily, and stomped away to her room, and not once did her eyes close. She stared in anger at the ceiling, wishing that school would come faster so she could distract herself more easily when things like this happened.

A/N: I am giving you all a HUGE sorry! I feel just awful for not updating sooner. I've gotten busy. Better late than never...she says optimistically. I hope you can forgive me. Love you all, and leave a friendly review please!

Chp24